

THIRTY-FIVE CENTS

MARCH 13, 1964

FROM AFRICA TO VIET NAM:
New Policies in a Changing World

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

Bernard Saffron

TANGANYIKA'S
PRESIDENT
NYERERE

VOL. 83 NO. 11

(THIS U.S. MAG. OFF.)



Is your next raise already spent?

We all tend to spend ahead. Not just young men with growing family responsibilities, but all of us. What's more, spending ahead is usually hit or miss . . . not part of a long-range family financial plan.

This is just one reason why Connecticut General has created a unique new plan to help you manage your money *now* . . . a plan that provides *immediate* financial advantages. And, at the same time, it helps you start today to meet tomorrow's goals without cutting back!

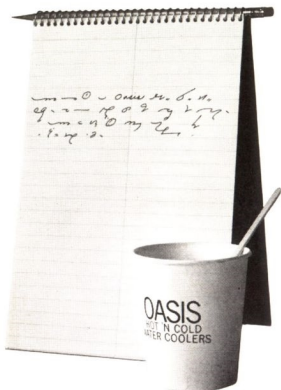
This new concept in money management, based on CG's years of experience, is called 25/75. It helps you decide where you stand and where you're going . . . what you're really worth today . . . and how much of what you make is making *new* money for you. Insurance is only a part of it.

25/75 is offered only by your CG agent or broker. Call him soon and learn more about it. Connecticut General Life Insurance Company, Hartford.

Group Insurance | Pension Plans | Health | Accident | Life

CONNECTICUT GENERAL





Put her coffee break
where her work is



with an OASIS
Hot 'N Cold Water Cooler
(Serves piping hot and icy cold water)

A transcribing assist from your secretary will suggest a happy solution to the coffee break. Simply put it where the work is. An OASIS does just that any time. ■ Hot drinks. Cold drinks. Soup. Water. You name it, OASIS has it—in the nifty line of water coolers called Hot 'N Cold. Handy? You bet! Your people get good coffee-break refreshment in a minute. No travel time. No wait time. No wasted time. ■ They'll like the money it saves. You'll like the time it saves. Since time is money, why wait? Did your secretary translate the note? Have her send in the coupon now.

OASIS
Water Coolers

Sold or rented everywhere. Products of **EBCO** See the Yellow Pages. Also: OASIS Humidifiers and Dehumidifiers.

Send me a certificate for free beverage pack and booklet "OASIS Makes Water A Business Asset."

**EBCO Mfg. Co., 265 N. Hamilton Rd.
Dept. A-28, Columbus, Ohio 43213**

Name _____ Title _____

Company _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____



1914-1918: THE WAR TO END WARS

This week's LIFE presents the first instalment in a major new series on World War I—the struggle that shaped our century. In this issue: the story of the Western front—the trenches, the bombardments, the suicidal attacks. Coming soon: war in the air and at sea.

Over 31 million Americans will see this issue. If you have a product to sell, shouldn't your ad be in LIFE, too?

LIFE



This Zenith portable TV still works with 38 parts taken out!

(So why did Zenith put them in?)

To make it a Zenith! We could build a stripped-down portable, but it wouldn't be a Zenith. The real challenge is to build a super-slim, high-style portable TV that will give you brilliant, big-set performance year after year. And that's the way Zenith builds TV.

The Zenith Jetliner (pictured above) not only has the parts it takes for extra performance, but every part has extra quality—capable of giving far more than it will ever be called upon to give. And each part that goes into the famous Zenith Handcrafted Chassis is firmly supported by a rugged metal base. There are no printed circuits. No production shortcuts. Every connection is carefully hand-wired for greater dependability and fewer service problems.

What's more, this exciting new Zenith is loaded with extra-performance features like: "Perma-Set" fine tun-

ing, to put an end to up-again-down-again tuning. High-Gain IF Amplification, to give you maximum picture detail. Automatic "Fringe-Lock" Circuitry for wiggle-free picture stability. Impedance Matching IF Stabilization for permanent picture quality. "Gated-Beam" Sound for crystal-clear, static-free reception, even in fringe areas. Dust-free Bonded Picture Glass (not plastic) for viewing clarity...

The list goes on and on. But all you really need to know about the Jetliner is that it's a Zenith! Built better to perform better, year after year! You can own the Jetliner for just \$189.95! Full quality, full performance Zenith portable TV starts as low as \$149.95*.

ZENITH

The quality goes in before the name goes on

ZENITH RADIO CORPORATION, CHICAGO 39, ILLINOIS *MANUFACTURER'S SUGGESTED RETAIL PRICES/PRICES AND SPECIFICATIONS SUBJECT TO CHANGE WITHOUT NOTICE.

TIME, MARCH 13, 1964

Opportunity

Give your son or grandson a gift that jumps 5 times in value at 21 with no added cost

Is the boy 15 or under? If so, here's an ideal opportunity to give him a substantial amount of life insurance protection for handling the grown-up responsibilities that lie ahead. It can mean real savings for him later on because, when it's time for him to take over the payments, he's assured the low, childhood premium rate.

This is the Junior Estate Builder. For every \$1,000 of life insurance that you buy your boy now, he gets \$5,000 worth when he turns 21. Whatever his future health, he's assured this protection. And the increase in value involves no increase in cost—the premium stays the same!

Want to know more? There's one man particularly well suited to help you—New England Life's "man of opportunity". He is one of a select group of our agents who have earned this designation. He works full time to search out the opportunities in life insurance for men like you. Talk to him soon.

In the meantime, let us mail you facts and figures about the Junior Estate Builder for boys (and girls). We'll include our PORTFOLIO OF OPPORTUNITY—reports on current uses of life insurance. Fill out the coupon now.

NEW ENGLAND LIFE

Dept. TA
501 Boylston St.
Boston, Mass. 02117

Please mail facts on the Junior Estate Builder for my boy.

TIME LISTINGS

TELEVISION

Wednesday, March 11

NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC YOUNG PEOPLE'S CONCERT (CBS, 7:30-8:30 p.m.).^{*} "Jazz in the Concert Hall," a study of modern symphonic composition incorporating jazz. Leonard Bernstein conducts.

THE DANNY KAYE SHOW (CBS, 10-11 p.m.). Guest: Diahann Carroll.

Thursday, March 12

NBC WHITE PAPER: ADAM CLAYTON POWELL (NBC, 7:30-8:30 p.m.). Chet Huntley narrates this report on the contentious New York Congressman.

Friday, March 13

THE GREAT ADVENTURE (CBS, 7:30-8:30 p.m.). A newspaperman in 1893 tries to find out why President Grover Cleveland has disappeared for several days; with Barry Sullivan and Leif Erickson.

THE JACK PAAR PROGRAM (NBC, 10-11 p.m.). Attorney General Robert Kennedy reminisces about J.F.K., Bobby's first such appearance since the assassination.

Saturday, March 14

ABC'S WIDE WORLD OF SPORTS (ABC, 5-6:30 p.m.). Soviet World Champion High Jumper Vasily Brumel on a special trip to the U.S. to receive the program's Athlete-of-the-Year Award; also the World Professional Alpine Skiing Championships.

Sunday, March 15

FACE THE NATION (CBS, 12:30-1 p.m.). Facing Barry Goldwater.

DISCOVERY (ABC, 1-1:30 p.m.). A repeat of "The Day That Life Begins," a program for children on birth.

ONE OF A KIND (CBS, 4-5 p.m.). Fourth in this show's series on great American educators, this program will look at History Professor Dr. John Hope Franklin, whose specialty is the Reconstruction Era.

MISTER ED (CBS, 6:30-7 p.m.). With Mae West, in a rare appearance.

THE THOUSAND MILE CAMPUS (NBC, 10-11 p.m.). A news special on California's system of higher education, focusing for the most part on the University of California.

Monday, March 16

HOLLYWOOD AND THE STARS (NBC, 9:30-10 p.m.). "The Many Faces of Paul Newman."

THEATER

On Broadway

ANY WEDNESDAY lodges an executive's sweetie in an executive suite as a tax and marriage dodge. As a kept waif, Sandy Dennis chug-a-lugs champagne from the bottle like Coke and cries through her smiles, leaving playgoers choked with laughter. Liquor may be quicker, as Ogden Nash once argued, but Sandy is dandy.

FOXY dog-sleds Bert Lahr up to the 1890s Yukon, and from there on the evening is fool's gold, a bonanza of comic Lahrgesse.

DYLAN. Whether Alec Guinness, as Dylan Thomas, spars with newsmen, spats

Opportunity

Lower your tax by detouring pay raises to future income

With taxes diluting the value of salary increases, more and more businessmen are searching for ways to turn added income into effective income. Life insurance offers just such an opportunity by sending income ahead to take advantage of a lower tax bracket after an employee's retirement.

There's one man who can give you all the information you need about this plan for deferring compensation. He's appropriately called New England Life's "man of opportunity"—one of a select group of our agents who qualify for the title through exceptional knowledge, experience and initiative.

This is the man to advise you on setting up a plan that will give both employer and employee valuable tax advantages. He knows his way around in business and tax legislation, and is ready to work closely with your lawyer and trust officer. He's a well-informed financial advisor—a successful man who is used to doing business with other successful men.

Many of the uses of insurance that the man of opportunity can relate to your circumstances are covered in our PORTFOLIO OF OPPORTUNITY. It's a collection of timely reports, including "Tomorrow's Security from Today's Postponed Pay". The PORTFOLIO is free and we'll mail it to you directly. Address: Dept. TB, 501 Boylston Street, Boston, Massachusetts 02117.



NEW ENGLAND LIFE

NEW ENGLAND MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY (INDIVIDUAL AND GROUP LIFE INSURANCE, ANNUITIES AND PENSIONS, GROUP HEALTH COVERAGE)

^{*} All times E.S.T.

Come home with us to Nice
(start your European vacation with a tan)



Think how healthy you'll look when you get to Paris, Rome, Zurich, etc. If you prefer to duck the sun and soak up the countryside, Nice has lots of beautiful scenery, historic places, good food, robust wines. And you're never very far from a casino, a theatre, a nightclub

or a dance floor. After all, Nice is the Riviera. Starting April 1, Air France offers convenient daily direct flights to Nice from New York. If you leave from Chicago, Los Angeles, Montreal or Washington, D. C., there are frequent daily flights between Paris

and Nice offering excellent connections. The 21-day round-trip Economy Excursion Fare saves up to \$99 over the basic jet economy fare. Contact your local Air France office or see your Travel Agent. He'll help you get started on your trip with a minimum amount of bother.

AIR FRANCE
THE WORLD'S LARGEST AIRLINE





On your trip to Italy stop by the Hotel Europa. There you'll find Canadian Club, "The Best In The House"® in 87 lands.

© 1964 HIRAM WALKER IMPORTERS INC.

Signor Melone of Venice offers you a sprawling palace, the Grand Canal and Canadian Club

A palace in the 17th Century, the Hotel Europa to this day imparts the essence of royal splendor.

Here those who relish life gather to enjoy an unimpeded view of the Grand Canal, the delectable fruits of the sea and internationally applauded Canadian Club.

To savor the good things at an unhurried pace is a luxury in itself. It is one of the reasons *bons vivants* seek out the Terrace

of this magnificent Venetian hotel.

The boats on the Canal lazily wend their ways, the atmosphere is serene, the food incomparable. And always on hand is Canadian Club, the whisky that enjoys international favor.

Why this whisky's universal popularity? It has the lightness of Scotch and the smooth satisfaction of Bourbon. No other whisky tastes like Canadian Club. You can stay with it all evening long—in short ones before dinner, in tall ones after. Try Canadian Club—world's lightest whisky—tonight.



BY APPOINTMENT TO
HER MAJESTY QUEEN ELIZABETH II
IMPORTERS OF CANADIAN CLUB WHISKY
HIRAM WALKER & SONS LIMITED
WALKERVILLE, CANADA

Wherever you go, there it is!

Opportunity

Benefit from the "magic" of the marital tax deduction

Are you sure your family won't end up paying more estate tax than necessary? The Federal estate tax is progressive, so the bigger your estate, the bigger the possible reduction of what goes to your beneficiaries.

If you are married, however, you can cut back the size of your estate so that it won't be taxed in the highest applicable bracket. The proper disposition of your life insurance is an important step in accomplishing this end. And, the savings possible are so startling that the marital deduction seems to be "magic" once the opportunity is explained.

Highly-trained, business-oriented New England Life agents (we call them "men of opportunity") are ready to sit down and, without obligation, work out the details with your own attorney and trust officers. Because your man of opportunity is particularly well-qualified to show you all the latest opportunities in life insurance (over and above your normal insurance "obligations"), his advice could well mean the difference between a working, cost-saving program and an expensive failure.

Many of the uses of insurance that the man of opportunity can relate to your circumstances are covered in our PORTFOLIO OF OPPORTUNITY. It's a collection of timely, penetrating reports, including "The 'Magic' of the Marital Deduction." The PORTFOLIO is free and we'll mail it to you directly. Address: Dept. TC, 501 Boylston Street, Boston, Massachusetts 02117.



NEW ENGLAND LIFE
NEW ENGLAND MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY (INCORPORATED IN MASS.)
LIFE INSURANCE, ANNUITIES AND PERSONAL GROUP HEALTH COVERAGE

with his wife, or speaks in the soft darkness next to a sleeping child, he conveys the poet's warmth and wit—as well as his decline through sycophancy, self-indulgence and alcohol.

HELLO, DOLLY! In a bouncy, daffy, romantic Little Old New York musical, Matchmaker Carol Channing juggles lonely hearts and sassily wangles one for herself.

NOBODY LOVES AN ALBATROSS. Robert Preston is gleeful and guileful as a phony TV writer-producer trying to keep his career from dissolving into a test pattern.

BAREFOOT IN THE PARK. A proper young lawyer and his minx of a wife are the explosively funny tenants of an apartment that makes the housing shortage look desperate.

Off Broadway

THE LOVER by Harold Pinter, and **PLAY** by Samuel Beckett. Pinter's couple indulge in the aphrodisiac of a make-believe affair, while Beckett's trio reveal with solemn humor the banality of adultery.

THE TROJAN WOMEN. A powerful revival of the Euripides classic about the agony of the women who were to become the slaves and bedmates of the conquering Greeks.

IN WHITE AMERICA. This series of documentary dramatic sketches about racial intolerance is moving in its self-contained pain, playfully caustic in its humor.

RECORDS

ESSEN JAZZ FESTIVAL ALL-STARS (Fantasy) records an encounter at Essen, Germany, of four Doctors of Jazz: Pianist Bud Powell, Saxophonist Coleman Hawkins, Drummer Kenny Clarke and Bassist Oscar Pettiford, who died in Denmark a few months after the festival. All four play with great pride and inspiration, and Pettiford's fingers seem propelled by a special power of insight.

BIRD ON 52ND STREET (Fantasy) is a remarkably good collection of bebop period pieces by Altoist Charlie Parker; the boys in the band include Max Roach and Miles Davis. And on the album cover is a photo that is itself a thing of value: there stands smiling Bird in the middle of the street, and within spitting distance are marauders that bear the names of Coleman Hawkins, Dizzy Gillespie, Billy Eckstine, Jack Teagarden.

THE SHERIFF (Atlantic) presents further bloodless transfixions of *commedia dell'arte* and *rimos brasileiros* into the arm of *le jazz* hot by John Lewis and the Modern Jazz Quartet; the patient dies, but not without a gallant and occasionally beautiful struggle.

HERE'S LENA NOW! (20th Century-Fox) is a better exposition of Lena Horne's social conscience than of her craft or art. The lady lives up to the freedom-nom lyrics, but the singer neglects some of the songs.

JIM HALL (Pacific Jazz) is a pleasant sampler of soft and simple jazz, done with great finesse by Guitarist Hall and his trio. The late pianist Carl Perkins and Bassist Red Mitchell dignify the rhythm section with some fine rambling solos, and Drummer Larry Bunker tags along cheerfully.

DRUMMIN' MAN (Columbia) is an audio-biography on two LPs by Gene Krupa and the gang of sidemen who sat in with him from 1938 until 1949. The boys in the band include the likes of Frank Rosolino, Charlie Ventura, Teddy

Opportunity

Double the value of your self-employed pension plan

"I'm self-employed—what does the latest tax law mean to me?" "What tax deductions can I get now?" "How can life insurance fit into my pension plan?"

... Those are questions you'll want answered if you're a professional man or own an unincorporated business. You'll definitely want to check what life insurance can do: it's the only way, for example, you can get big death benefits for your family and pile up retirement money at the same time.

There's one person particularly well suited to help you—New England Life's "man of opportunity." He is one of a select group of our agents who have earned this designation through knowledge, experience and initiative.

Increasing the value of a pension plan is just one of the opportunities available through the judicious use of life insurance. Exploring this opportunity and others for men like you is the full-time job of the man of opportunity. And, with his broad understanding of business and tax legislation, he's ready to work closely with your lawyer or trust officer.

Many of the uses of insurance that can be related to your circumstances are covered in our PORTFOLIO OF OPPORTUNITY. It's a collection of timely reports, including "Double the Value of Your Self-Employed Pension Plan." The PORTFOLIO is free and we'll mail it to you. Address: Department TD, 501 Boylston Street, Boston, Massachusetts 02117.



NEW ENGLAND LIFE
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LIFE INSURANCE, ANNUITIES AND PERSONAL GROUP HEALTH COVERAGE

This is the first time we've ever soft-soaped anyone*



*Before you get the wrong idea, please read the message below

By "soft-soap," we mean that our household washing and cleaning products are biodegradable. Biodegradable products are more readily dissolved by nature and by waste disposal plants. You see, ordinary synthetic detergents cause wastes which are fouling up our water supplies. (If you have ever seen river, stream, or faucet water foam like beer, you know what we mean.) Culligan is pleased indeed to be among the very first companies to offer a new formula of "soft" products for use in the home. Your Culligan Man now provides our exclusive "Bio-Soft" Formula in a Laundry Soap, Automatic Dishwashing Compound, Liquid Dishwashing Soap, All-purpose Household Cleaner, Laundry Freshener, Liquid Shampoo, and Beauty Bar Soap. These products are mild, efficient, and thorough. They work better, wash better, clean better. They are kind to your skin. They whisk through dirt and grease. They are absolutely ideal for use in soft water. And they are biodegradable. So, we do hope you'll pick up your phone and say, "Hey Culligan Man!" He'll know exactly what you mean when you say you want to be soft-soaped. (Oops! He provides soft water, too.)



Automatic Models. You can buy them. Portable Exchange Service. No investment, popular rates.

Culligan®...THE WORLD-WIDE WATER CONDITIONING PEOPLE

Culligan Inc. and franchised dealers in United States, Canada, Europe, Latin America, Asia • Home Office: Northbrook, Illinois • Franchises available.

Opportunity

Trim your taxes while putting human objectives first

The important thing is to put and keep first things first. In any estate planning, human objectives must predominate over all other considerations, including tax savings.

But this does not mean that such savings and other economies need to be inconsistent with your primary objectives. Frequently, an insurance trust can be set up with provisions flexible enough to accomplish many of your objectives simultaneously. The result can be complete fulfillment of family objectives, plus a sizable trimming of taxes.

There's one man who can tell you about the possibilities which exist in insurance trusts and settlement options. He's New England Life's "man of opportunity"—one of a select group of our agents who qualify for the title through exceptional knowledge, experience and initiative.

With his broad understanding of insurance, its uses and tax treatment, he's ready to work closely with your trust officer and lawyer. You'll find him a remarkably well-informed financial advisor—a successful man who's used to doing business with other successful men.

Many of the uses of insurance that the man of opportunity can relate to your circumstances are covered in our PORTFOLIO OF OPPORTUNITY. It's a collection of timely reports, including "Trusts and Testamentary Tactics." The PORTFOLIO is free and we'll mail it to you directly. Address: Dept. TE, 501 Boylston Street, Boston, Mass. 02117.



NEW ENGLAND LIFE
NEW ENGLAND MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY—INDIVIDUAL AND GROUP LIFE INSURANCE, ANNUITIES AND PENSIONS, GROUP HEALTH COVERAGE

Napoleon, Charlie Kennedy, Corky Cornelius and Roy Eldridge.

The best recordings of **THELONIOUS MONK** (TIME cover, Feb. 28): *Crisis-Cross* and *Monk's Dream* (Columbia), *The Thelonious Alone in San Francisco*, *Brilliant Corners*, *Misterioso* and *Thelonious Himself* (Riverside), *Thelonious Monk with John Coltrane* (Jazzland) and *Work!* (Prestige).

CINEMA

THE SILENCE. Sweden's film genius Ingmar Bergman takes a cold view of hot blood in the story of a pair of tortured sisters whose travels bring them to a God-forsaken city where nearly everything seems incomprehensible.

THE FIRE WITHIN. The suicide of a charming, alcoholic gigolo (Maurice Ronet) animates this morbidly fascinating drama directed by France's Louis (The Lovers) Malle.

DR. STRANGELOVE, OR: HOW I LEARNED TO STOP WORRYING AND LOVE THE BOMB. Inadvertent nuclear war is sometimes hilarious, sometimes horrifying in Stanley Kubrick's comedy of terrors.

SUNDAY IN NEW YORK. Jane Fonda, Rod Taylor and Cliff Robertson add style to a frail charade detailing the decline and fall of a 22-year-old virgin who has found virtue unrewarding.

THE GUEST. A superb performance by Donald Pleasence, repeating his stage role, enhances this film version of Harold Pinter's offbeat, ambiguous *The Caretaker*.

THE FIANCÉS. Italian Director Ermanno Olmi (*The Sound of Trumpets*) turns his camera to a couple engaged so long that they scarcely remember why.

POINT OF ORDER. Senator Joseph McCarthy and Attorney Joseph Welch are adversaries in a bristling documentary taken from the 1954 Army-McCarthy hearings.

THE EASY LIFE. One of the funniest—and saddest—Italian films in years offers Vittorio Gassman as a flashy Roman playboy whose jetaway pace spells disaster for a shy young law student.

TO BED OR NOT TO BED. A study of sexual mores in Sweden, conducted *con hris* by Alberto Sordi as a roving but forever disappointed Italian businessman.

TOM JONES. From Fielding's bawdy, boisterous 18th century classic, Director Tony Richardson has fashioned one of the best movies in many years.

BOOKS

Best Reading

THE CHILDREN AT THE GATE, by Edward Lewis Wallant. The last manuscript completed before the author's death last year at 36, this novel tells of a daft but saintly man and how another slowly takes life and grace from him.

THE MARTYRED, by Richard Kim. Also dealing with spiritual agony, this remorseless and controlled first novel takes the Korean war as its setting and the presumed martyrdom of twelve Christian ministers as its theme. Modern sainthood, the author finds, most often is achieved by men racked by doubt.

THE BARBARY LIGHT, by P. H. Newby. A slight, wise tale about a successful con man who, in an unfortunate moment of candor, decides to tell his wife and his mistress about each other. To his dismay, they become fast friends.

WHEN THE CHEERING STOPPED, by Gene Smith. For the last 17 months of his presi-

Opportunity doesn't end here...

On preceding pages we have talked about some of the uses of life insurance that may represent opportunity to you—opportunity for strengthening your financial situation.

Opportunity, as it applies to you, may lie in one of these uses or in several. Or it may require a use not touched on here.

We had to start somewhere. So we've given you five examples on preceding pages. If they whet your interest, fine. But we realize that you can fully appreciate the real "opportunity" in life insurance only in terms of your own particular needs.

We have "men of opportunity" ready to help. They are a select number of agents in our company with that designation, men whose names we periodically list in the *Wall Street Journal*. Their experience, special skills and broad understanding of business and tax legislation are offered to you without obligation.

Several important subjects that a man of opportunity can relate to your circumstances are covered in our free PORTFOLIO OF OPPORTUNITY. It's a collection of timely, penetrating reports. We'll mail it to you directly. Fill out this coupon now.

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Please mail the free
PORTFOLIO OF
OPPORTUNITY to:

NAME	NAME
ADDRESS	ADDRESS
CITY	CITY
STATE	STATE
ZIP	ZIP

NEW ENGLAND LIFE
NEW ENGLAND MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY—INDIVIDUAL AND GROUP LIFE INSURANCE, ANNUITIES AND PENSIONS, GROUP HEALTH COVERAGE



In Good Hands

They're sewn by hand—a stitch at a time since no machine is yet quite good enough to turn out Florsheim hand-sewn fronts. 'Til we find one, we'll continue to do it the hard way because it's the right way. Florsheim always leaves you in good hands.

Most Florsheim styles \$19.95 to \$24.95

Top: The YUMA, 20066; hand-sewn front black calf slip-on; strap; perfect, 30033
Bottom: The YUMA, 21038; hand-sewn front black calf slip-on; perfect, 31040



THE FLORSHEIM SHOE COMPANY • CHICAGO 6 • MAKERS OF FINE SHOES FOR MEN AND WOMEN
A DIVISION OF INTERNATIONAL SHOE COMPANY

gency, Woodrow Wilson was grievously ill, mentally and physically. Reporter Smith piles up evidence to show that the President's wife and doctor kept the knowledge from the public while "the U.S. Government went out of business."

ONE FAT ENGLISHMAN, by Kingsley Amis. The author's best novel since *Lucky Jim* tells of the misadventures of a rich, snobbish English publisher among some very irreverent Americans.

THE WAPSHOT SCANDAL, by John Cheever. In this tender, moral tale of uprooted America, the 19th century Wapshots come to painful if comic terms with the 20th. Neither mourn nor imitate the old ways, says Author Cheever, but cherish their spirit as "a vision of life as hearty and fleeting as laughter."

REUBEN, REUBEN, by Peter De Vries. A raffish, gifted poet, who very much resembles Dylan Thomas, visits U.S. suburbia and proves to be a catalyst in combination with sex and liquor. The partying and the pratfalls are followed by a typical De Vries hangover of brooding second thoughts about modern life.

A FINE MADNESS, by Elliott Baker. Another lighthearted novel about a poet, souse and womanizer who keeps the plot in motion with his talent for anarchy, his tropism for cops, and his tendency to rant at strangers.

COOPER'S CREEK, by Alan Moorehead. The author again strikes out on unfamiliar terrain, this time telling the grim story of Burke and Wills, two 19th century Australian explorers, who first crossed their continent from south to north looking for rich prairies and finding an unsalvageable desert. They died on the way back.

HITLER: A STUDY IN TYRANNY, by Alan Bullock. Historian Bullock has revised his ten-year-old biography, which is still the definitive study of Hitler.

THE GOLDEN FRUITS, by Nathalie Sarraute. In this novel about the publication of a novel, Author Sarraute wittily dissects cultural toadies and intellectual conformity.

Best Sellers

FICTION

1. *The Spy Who Came in from the Cold*, Le Carré (2 last week)
2. *The Group*, McCarthy (1)
3. *The Wapshot Scandal*, Cheever (5)
4. *The Venetian Affair*, MacInnes (3)
5. *The Hat on the Bed*, O'Hara (4)
6. *The Shoes of the Fisherman*, West (6)
7. *The Living Reed*, Buck (7)
8. *The Fanatic*, Levin (9)
9. *On Her Majesty's Secret Service*, Fleming
10. *Van Ryan's Express*, Westheimer

NONFICTION

1. *Profiles in Courage*, Kennedy (1)
2. *Four Days, U.P.I. and American Heritage* (4)
3. *My Years with General Motors*, Sloan (2)
4. *The Green Felt Jungle*, Reid and Demaris (3)
5. *Mandate for Change*, Eisenhower (8)
6. *Confessions of an Advertising Man*, Ogilvy (6)
7. *A Day in the Life of President Kennedy*, Bishop
8. *Rascal*, North (7)
9. *The Minister and the Choir Singer*, Kunstler
10. *J.F.K.: The Man and the Myth*, Lasky (5)



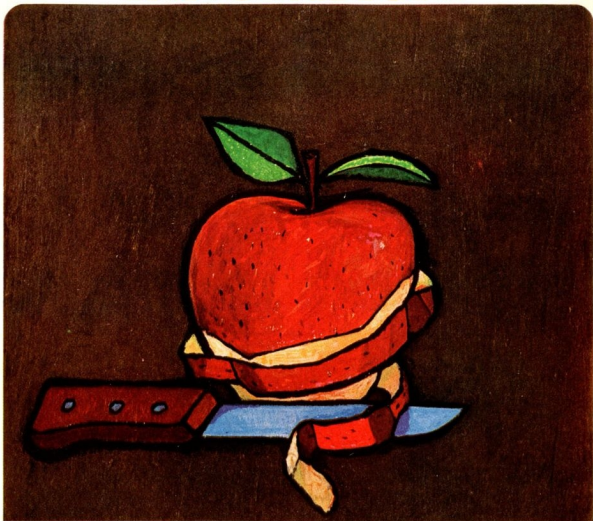
PONTIAC MOTOR DIVISION • GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION

Maybe it's just a coincidence that so many Pontiacs get left out in driveways. Maybe.

Probably not. When you own a car that looks this good, there's no use hiding it in the garage. At least not during daylight. What's still better than looking at Pontiacs, though, is driving them. You'll agree, once you sample Trophy V-8 power. (It's invigorating, as you would expect—especially versions* wringing as much as 370 bhp out of 421 cubic inches!) And try our Wide-Track ride. (It's even smoother than you could imagine.) As if you hadn't noticed by now, Pontiacs come as luxurious as you'd want or as sporty as you'd care to go. You can see them, every one, at your Pontiac dealer. **'64 WIDE-TRACK PONTIAC**

*OPTIONAL AT EXTRA COST.

INNOVATION!



A NEW TECHNIQUE FOR PROTECTING SPACE METALS (IT'S BASED ON THE PRINCIPLE OF AN APPLE PEEL)

If this picture were a movie taken in slow motion, you could watch the apple turn brown where the skin has been peeled off. Oxidation is the culprit. It also causes other, more serious problems in hardware that becomes extremely hot—parts of space vehicles, rocket nozzles, turbine and jet engines, for example. Even metals designed for high temperatures can flake and peel off from oxidation.

GT&E scientists developed a remarkable new coating that beats the heat and oxidation. Very simply, it's a mixture of aluminum and tin. When applied to surfaces that become hot, this coating acts as a protective skin similar to the apple peel.

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LETTERS

Baker's Web

Sir: By printing the facts on the Bobby Baker case [March 6], you gave a valuable assist to public demand for further investigation and for an honest exposé of just which Government officials are involved in the whole rotten mess.

VIRGINIA U. PROUT

Greenwich, Conn.

Sir: It would appear as though that tangled web has ensnared everything from moonlighting, mistresses and mooching to President Johnson's acute (and heretofore undiagnosed) case of myopia.

ELIZABETH RITCHIE

Tonawanda, N.Y.

Sir: From your story, it seems that the investigating committee doesn't actually have a shred of concrete evidence to prove that Mr. Baker is doing anything more than taking advantage of his associations to help further his speculative interests.

MASON TENSELEIGH

Kent, Ohio

Into the North?

Sir: After two years of so-called "defensive" war in Viet Nam [Feb. 28], we are no better off, and possibly even worse off, than when we started. We should either get out or fight to win.

If we want to win, we must launch raids, by air and by land, into North Viet Nam territory. This is the only thing that will discourage them.

WILLIAM K. AILSHIE

Foreign Service Officer, Ret.

La Jolla, Calif.

Sir: It is evident to me after spending 13 months in the neighborhood that the Vietnamese are still more interested in which night to allow dancing and whether or not their amphibian man-eaters are crocodiles or alligators, than they are in the successful termination of the war to protect their own country. Our millions are better spent at home on poverty areas or in medical research.

HENRY J. NACHTSHEIM JR.

Major, Infantry, U.S. Army

Augsburg, Germany

Sir: If the U.S. is scared out of South Viet Nam and throws in the sponge, we, as a free nation, will perish within 20 years.

ROBERT H. PLOEHN

Meadville, Pa.

Sir: The Pfc. from Milwaukee who was killed in the bombing of a Saigon theater was Pfc. Peter M. Feierabend, age 23.

MRS. R. W. LISTER

Milwaukee

► TIME salutes a brave American, whose name was garbled in transmission from Saigon.—Ed.

Cuban Trade

Sir: I cannot help wondering how the U.S. Government [Feb. 28] has the right to tell other countries not to trade with Communist governments when the U.S. itself is trading with the No. 1 Communist country, Russia.

LUBA KUPCHYK

Baltimore

Sir: May I suggest a trademark for the English buses sent to Cuba: an umbrella.

BENJAMIN I. GOLDEN, M.D.

Elkins, W. Va.

Sir: When we have allies like Great Britain and France, who needs enemies?

MARGARET WHITE

Danville, Pa.

Help on the Range

Sirs: The cattle industry [Feb. 28] is not sitting and howling for federal aid. We are asking for effective and immediate cutbacks in allowable meat imports to improve domestic meat prices to a profitable point.

BOB BUFFINGTON

Chairman

Cattle Industry Committee
for Legislative Action
Shenandoah, Iowa

► Last week Buffington's newly formed committee wired Congress a desperate SOS: "The cattle industry is now in a disastrous situation. The chaotic and desperate conditions of the industry cry for corrective legislative and administrative action." At week's end the U.S. Senate acted against the cattlemen. See THE NATION.—Ed.



DEMUTH



INDIANA

5 x 5

Sir: After seeing the poster painting by Robert Indiana in the Scull's Manhattan apartment [Feb. 21], I was reminded of I Saw the Figure 5 in Gold by Charles Demuth (1883-1935).

Could it be that Demuth's painting, which was inspired by the poem "The Great Figure" by William Carlos Williams about a fire truck, was the inspiration for the poster?

(MRS.) COLLEEN ROWAN BLACK

Oak Ridge, Tenn.

► Yes. Hence Indiana's title The Demuth Fire.—Ed.

After the Fight

Sir: Having personally covered the fight between Clay and Liston, I agree 1000% with your write-up of this classic title bout [March 6]. It was sickening to see the large number of responsible sports-

writers and broadcasters who yelled "fix" after they were fooled by Cassius the Great. They had all picked Liston to win and were obviously covering up for it.

As for the agreement for the promotion of the next Clay fight of which Liston owns a piece, it should be recalled that Joe Louis gave James Braddock 10% of his career earnings in order to get a title bout in 1937.

ROGER STANTON

Sports Director, WDTM

Detroit

Sir: That championship was an honest fight—between two phonies.

GERRY EDWARDS

Livermore, Calif.

Sir: Whatever his faults, Clay worked hard for this fight. He was in superb physical and mental condition. And he had a plan. His plan was to get Liston mad enough to make a mistake and to stay away from him until he did. It worked like a charm.

The sportswriters should have known better. They have seen the combination of youth, desire, conditioning, hard work and careful planning pay off in other sports. Why not in boxing?

ROBERT E. WILDS

Detroit

El Cordobés

Sir: Your article about El Cordobés [Feb. 28] is nothing short of ridiculous.

Manuel Benítez is the best bullfighter anywhere. He makes others look like amateurs. Yet you say that the experts regard him as a clown and a tourists' bullfighter. If that be the case, then Mexico and Spain are full of tourists and I'm one of them.

CARLOS CARRERA

Monterrey, N.L., Mexico

Sir: We congratulate you for your article about Spain's greatest actor, Manuel Benítez.

JAMES F. RAGAN JR.

Barcelona, Spain

TV Crime

Sir: In the Ruby trial, since the shooting of Oswald is neither denied nor questioned, why should the witnessing of the act on TV have been seriously urged as grounds for disqualification of jurors?

ROSWELL KING

Tallahassee, Fla.

► Texas law states that a person is not qualified for jury duty if it is established that he was a witness to the crime. The prosecution argued that watching the shooting on television should be considered "hearsay" evidence, little different

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from reading about the event in the newspapers. The judge ruled for the prosecution.—Ed.

Not-So-Periled Portias

Sir: On behalf of all the "one out of every 39" aspiring attorneys, I would like to say that was a marvelous article on lady lawyers [March 6].

MARGARET FRENKEL
City College of New York

Sir: The perils of budding Portias do not present nearly so fearsome a picture as you paint. As a female law student, I've never felt the academic pressures to "beat the boys" that you emphasize; nor have I felt the social loneliness and ostracism against which you warn. Rather, my years at law school have been wonderful—it's tremendous fun to be a girl, a law student, and "one of the boys" all at the same time! It's not every girl who's lucky as I!

JUDY OLANS
Boston College Law School
Brighton, Mass.

Gleeful Brooding

Sir: Your fine Swarthmore College article [March 6] implies that the students are socially moribund. Perhaps, but my wife and I, and many of our friends who are "Quaker matchbox" graduates brooded gleefully while in college, and today attribute the enthusiasm, appreciation and vigor with which we live our adult lives to the "Rhodes spirit" absorbed in our college days and so well exemplified by our great President Courtney Smith.

JOSEPH W. KIMMEL
President
Swarthmore Club of Philadelphia
Downingtown, Pa.

Sir: As someone who strongly believes that a person can justify his presence on a university faculty by means other than government contracts, I was much impressed by your article on Swarthmore. The obsession with large-scale research and the publish-or-perish racket has seriously downgraded the quality and enthusiasm of teaching in many of our leading schools—to the point where those who are devoted to excellence in instruction find few opportunities for good positions. Let us hope that some of Swarthmore's guts will be spread around.

L. C. ERDMANN
Yale University
New Haven, Conn.

Marvelous Monstrosities

Sir: Recently we purchased a Victorian monstrosity as described in TIME [March 6] and are now reveling in touches of elegance such as five fireplaces, stained-glass windows in the stair well, marble lavatories and eight-foot windows.

When we get tired painting, papering and scrubbing the years' accumulation of grime from the butternut woodwork, we turn on the gaslights on our gleaming brass chandelier, light a fire in one of our marble fireplaces and read about the three-bedroom ranchers with no dining room that we could have bought for the same price.

MARGARET BERRY
Kalamazoo, Mich.

Unseen Treasure

Sir: I am naturally honored and pleased by your enthusiastic review of my book, *When the Cheering Stopped* [March 6]. However, I wish to point out a disturbing error: you incorrectly say that my major "treasure trove was the still-unpublished

diary of Wilson's doctor, Admiral Cary Grayson." I had no access to any such source, and nowhere have I ever claimed to have seen such a diary.

GENE SMITH

New York City

► TIME was misinformed.—Ed.

Monk & Jazz

Sir: Thelonious Monk [Feb. 28] typifies the new music, no longer merely a revolt but an art form. Far too often, modern jazz is thought of as a cacophonous battle between a sax and a drum. You present jazz as it truly exists, an artist displaying his soul on a piano.

WILLIAM M. BUCHHOLZ
Cambridge, Mass.

Sir: A deserving tribute to a cat who is so authentically hip that one might say, after Monk: What is jazz?

MADISON, WIS.
ALAN KARP

Sir: I was able to discuss with my class aspects of the philosophy and temperament that have gone into producing Monk's genius in jazz.

JACK GOLDZWEIG
Director, Jazz Faculty
Rubin Academy
Jerusalem

Sir: Because of TIME's treatment, we are privileged to enter the depths beneath the jazz and junkie facade of the tabloids and see a person who runs the risk of manhood, that of being misunderstood. What's more, the real thrill is in knowing that, after all, Nellie must be the heroine of the piece.

MILES J. JONES
Minister
Providence Park Baptist Church
Richmond

Clothes Make the Man

Sir: Doesn't the oaf who wrote the article on men's clothing [Feb. 28] realize that men's fashions originate in London (with an occasional assist from Rome) rather than Seventh Avenue? Fashion as such is not for the masses, who look alike everywhere, but for the very few who know how to dress because they are born to it.

H. THOMAS OSBORNE
New York City

Sir: When a man buys a suit of clothes, he also buys self-respect. And if you think that a \$50 suit looks like a \$250 suit, then either you have poor eyesight or you wear \$50 suits.

PATRICK C. LEMMERS
Chairman of the Board
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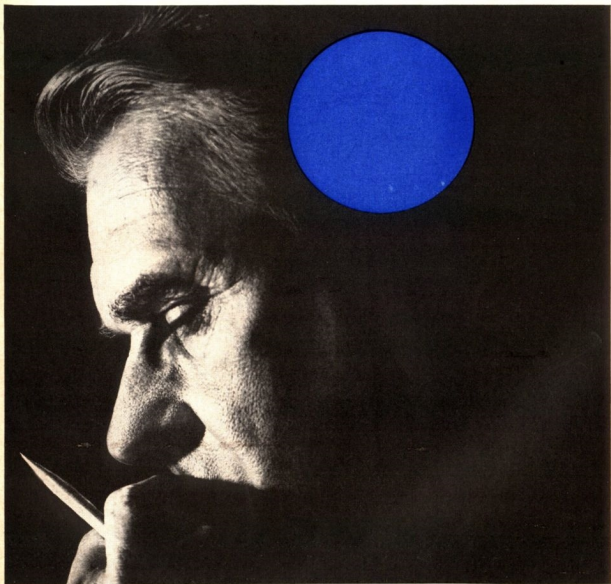
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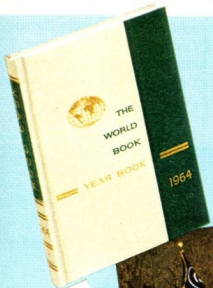
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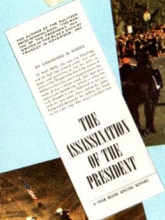
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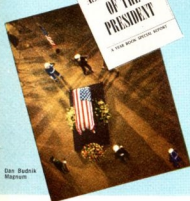
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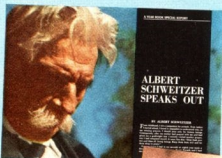


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TIME, MARCH 13, 1964

A letter from the PUBLISHER

Bernhard M. Auer

THE words "cold war" entered the American language—and the language of TIME—in 1947. Well before then the fact, if not the expression, was familiar. While the hot war was still in progress, a TIME cover story on Joseph Stalin in February 1945 noted: "The line of Russia's 800-mile military front practically bisected Europe. How much farther west was it going to move? And what went on behind that line?" Ever since, reporting the cold war waged between the Iron Curtain countries and the free world has been a major preoccupation of U.S. journalism. But the nature of the cold war has drastically changed, as we show this week in both THE NATION and THE WORLD.

While never as clear-cut as it may appear in memory, the cold war in its early years—the years of Communist near-victories in Western Europe, of the Berlin airlift—was a worldwide drama in which there was little confusion about the identity of the heroes and villains. Most of the time, the Western Allies stood solidly together before the Communist menace.

Even after the Russians began talking about "peaceful coexistence," they were still ready to seize every opportunity, as, for instance, in 1961, when they tried to spread the cold war to Africa during the Congo crisis. TIME doubted then that Khrushchev was prepared for "really serious intervention" and, as this week's cover story makes clear, the continent's major problems still do not stem from Communism. And of course, the Russians tried again in Cuba. After they were decisively repulsed, an event described by Britain's Harold Macmillan as one of the great turning points of history, we noted: "The cold war will never be the same again." The change was formalized in the nuclear test ban, and in a cover story on Negotiator Averell Harriman, we pointed out that "Western Europe's postwar order" had been based on "anti-Communism as an article of faith"; given a softer image of Communism and diminished fear of nuclear war, the Western alliance was bound to grow less firm.

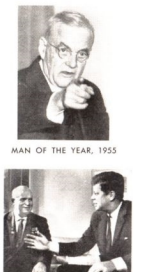
And yet it may be useful to recall that this alliance has had its troubles before. When John Foster Dulles was TIME's Man of the Year (Jan. 3, 1955), he had threatened his famous "agonizing reappraisal" of U.S. relations with France—which, as always, was being difficult about its role in European defense. There will be many more reappraisals in the alliance without destroying it; and perhaps more of the agonizing will be on the other side.



YALTA, 1945



BERLIN AIRLIFT, 1948



MAN OF THE YEAR, 1955



MACMILLAN & HARRIMAN BEFORE TEST BAN, 1963

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TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

March 13, 1964

Vol. 83, No. 11

THE NATION

FOREIGN RELATIONS

In an Era of Self-Interest

Many of the U.S.'s old friends do not seem to call as often as they used to—and when they do, there is apt to be a new tone of voice. By design and by drift, they follow increasingly independent courses, with less and less reference to U.S. policy. Sometimes they almost seem to defy U.S. wishes out of pure perversity.

What has happened? There is, of course, no single turning point for such a trend. With massive U.S. help, the economies of most free-world countries have been immensely strengthened, thereby increasing their sense of independence. At the same time, troubles behind the Iron Curtain forced Russia to relax some of its old, cold-war positions. Then, last August, came the signing of the test-ban treaty, which put a big exclamation point after the fact that the cold war was no longer the same cold war, in which everyone knew the rules. While the basic issues of that war remain, and the U.S. denies that there is a real *détente*, the pressures that bound free nations together for mutual self-protection no longer seem so great. Says Brazil's Foreign Minister João Augusto de Araújo Castro, whose own nation has caused the U.S. any number of headaches: "With the marked relaxation in world affairs, the rules of the international game are changing—no doubt of it."

Under the new rules, almost all countries seem to feel free to pursue their own nationalistic interests, with only a nod now and then to the obligations of alliance.

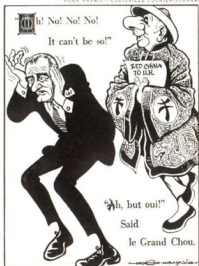
The Disaffections. France is the most obvious—and dramatic—example. In seeking to regain the glory that was France, Charles de Gaulle has refused to sign the test-ban treaty, rejected the U.S. plan for a multilateral nuclear force in Europe, kept Britain out of the Common Market, undermined the U.S. effort in South Viet Nam by arguing that the country should be neutralized, recognized Red China. Last week he tipped three more bowls of hot porridge into the U.S. lap. In a single busy day, France moved toward a major new economic agreement with Russia, hinted that it might torpedo U.S.-supported tariff talks in Geneva this spring, made it clear that it will

support the admission of Red China to the United Nations. Beyond all that, De Gaulle hopes to increase French influence in Latin America, where he plans to visit Mexico this month and several other countries in the fall (see *THE HEMISPHERE*). Says a French diplomat: "This will give our Latin friends a choice other than American or Communist influence."

But France is by no means alone in running counter to U.S. policy. Britain insists on trading with Castro's Cuba, scoffs at the U.S. embargo. Says a British diplomat: "You have a Cuban neurosis, and we can't be expected to adhere to your policy while you trade with the Soviet Union." Portugal has declared that treaties granting the U.S. bases in the Azores "should be rediscussed," also hints that it may recognize Communist China. Greek demonstrators, enraged over U.S. policy toward Cyprus, last week burned President Johnson in effigy, waved signs showing him in a Turkish fez, shouted "Bravo, Russia!"

In the Middle East, even such staunch friends as the Shah of Iran and Jordan's King Hussein sometimes seem to be disaffected. Iran has signed agreements with Russia for economic and technical aid; Hussein recently opened diplomatic relations with Russia, hopes to get Soviet aid. Sometimes, in trying to please one friend, the U.S. offends others. Thus, President Johnson flew to Manhattan last month for a fund-raising dinner for Israel's Weizmann Institute, announced that the U.S. would help Israel desalt sea water with nuclear energy. This infuriated the entire Arab world.

Pakistan, for years one of the U.S.'s firmest Asian friends, is turning toward a sullen neutralism, recently laid out the red carpet for China's Chou En-lai, constantly protests U.S. aid to India. Most of Africa's new nations, glorying in their independence but still struggling to meet the responsibility that independence brings (see cover story, *THE WORLD*), seem committed to staying uncommitted between West and East. Even Libya, which has a key U.S. air base, is moving to shake off its U.S. entanglements. In Latin America, U.S.-Panama diplomatic relations remain ruptured; Brazil, with its eccentric government, plans to legalize the nation's Communist Party, is talking about rec-



THE DO-GOODER



ognizing Red China; Argentina has just signed a contract to sell a million tons of wheat to Communist China, while Mexico trades with China, maintains relations with Castro.

An Opportunity. All this is most distressing to the U.S., and it is only small comfort that the Soviet Union is in an even worse fix with its own allies. Yet in the very decline of "alliance diplomacy" may lie a real opportunity for the U.S. to re-examine its own policies and to advance its own cause.

What most frets the U.S. is that its allies are unilaterally pursuing their ends. This often comes at a cost to commitments under the multilateral, generally geographical systems of treaty alliances that the U.S. worked so hard for so long to build up as the free world's best bulwark against Communism.

Of these systems, only NATO still seems to be working. Few would argue that SEATO, for example, has much

with a provocation—whether in Panama, Ghana or Cuba. If we do this from time to time in suitable situations, I am convinced that the United States will regain an element which it seems more recently to have lost—that is, international respect both for American leadership and American power."

Two Principles. It has become fairly fashionable in world diplomatic circles to deride "principle" in favor of "pragmatism." Yet the pragmatic approach can be truly successful only if based on principle. And any new formulation of U.S. foreign policy must rest on at least two closely interrelated principles—one political and the other economic.

Politically, the U.S. must continue—although the principle may seem old-fashioned—to try to make the world safe for democracy. This does not mean imposing its own brand of government on everyone; it does mean moving vigorously to strengthen free governments

FOREIGN TRADE

Half-Baked

Despite months of cooking, the great wheat deal between the U.S., Russia and several European Communist countries is still no more than half-baked. Last week it looked as if it might stay that way. After discussing shipping arrangements with Russian officials in the Black Sea port of Odessa, U.S. Under Secretary of Commerce Clarence D. Martin said: "I suspect they have done their buying for this season."

Under the agreement announced last October by President Kennedy, the U.S. was to have sold 2,500,000 tons of wheat to Russia and another 1,500,000 to Bulgaria, Czechoslovakia and Hungary. So far, however, U.S. wheat dealers have managed to sell only half that amount—1,700,000 tons to Russia for some \$135 million, and 300,000 tons to the satellites. Eventually, the satellites may buy more wheat, but the Russians claim that their own breadbasket, stocked with some 12 million tons of Western wheat, is full.

Why this sudden loss of interest in U.S. wheat? For one thing, Moscow was taken aback by the long delays in concluding the deal, by last year's acrimonious debate in the U.S. Senate over credit terms, and by the recent nine-day boycott of wheat shipments by U.S. longshoremen to ensure that 50% of the grain would move in U.S. bottoms. But the chief reason appears to be that Moscow has high hopes for a successful wheat crop this year, simply does not need any more wheat for the time being.

THE PRESIDENCY

Ladies' Day

Only seven days after he had held his first full-dress news conference live on television, President Johnson summoned reporters on short notice for another. As it turned out, it was more a campaign conference. Reading at an uncharacteristic rapid-fire pace, the President spent fully one-third of the meeting announcing appointments and extolling U.S. accomplishments under his Administration. He talked about the continuing growth of the national economy, which he said was already showing the beneficial effects of the tax cut, and even read a fan letter from the White House mailbox to show that the folks around the country are with him all the way. He spoke firmly of new plans to cut federal spending and payroll, and he added up how many women this Administration had appointed.

The women's vote was clearly on the President's mind. Earlier in the week, he had declared: "I am unabashedly in favor of women." To prove it, he announced the names of a bevy of feminine appointees—one being Jacqueline Kennedy as a member of a new committee for the preservation of the White House. Among others:

► Mrs. Norman Chandler, 62, wife of Los Angeles Times-Mirror Co. Presi-



GREEKS PROTESTING U.S. CYPRUS STAND

The rules of the game are changing.

force and effect. The Organization of American States so far has failed to achieve order within the American states; as for the Alliance for Progress, it has been a high-minded failure.

The U.S. has its own interests—many of which might be satisfied better through unilateral action than through "alliance diplomacy." In this sense, former Under Secretary of State Robert Murphy, one of the ablest diplomats ever to serve the U.S. (see Books), had some succinct words to say last week while receiving an award from his alma mater, Marquette University, at a Manhattan dinner. Murphy was not, he said, suggesting that the U.S. "abandon the collective approach, or withdraw from the U.N. or our alliances. What I do say is that in appropriate cases our Government should demonstrate its power and capacity to deal directly

and open societies wherever possible. The political aim of U.S. policy should be toward what Dean Rusk has called "a decent world order." Economically, the U.S. cause demands more aggressive promotion of open world markets, of greater freedom for private enterprise in international trade, of safeguards for investors abroad. For only by fostering private enterprise can the U.S. truly capitalize on its most basic advantage over Communism.

While the diplomacy of friendship and alliance has often served the U.S. and the free world well in the postwar years, the condition of a changing world now suggests that the way is open to the U.S. to serve its cause even better. Dwight Eisenhower used an old phrase to express the philosophy—and it clearly seems to fit the needs of a new era. It is "enlightened self-interest."



WHITE



KEYSERLING



BROWN



CHANDLER

Unabashedly in favor of women.

dent Norman Chandler. Job: member, Advisory Committee to the U.S. Information Agency.

► **Mrs. India Edwards**, nearing 70, longtime Johnson supporter, former vice chairman of the Democratic National Committee. Job: special consultant on youth employment to the Secretary of Labor.

► **Mrs. Mary Keyserling**, 53, economist, wife of Harry Truman's economic adviser Leon Keyserling. Job: director, Women's Bureau, Labor Department.

► **Mrs. Herbert Stats**, 53, freelance writer, public relations consultant to the Washington Heart Association. Job: consultant, Office of Age, Department of Health, Education and Welfare, and coordinator of Senior Citizens Month (May).

► **Mrs. Virginia Mae Brown**, 40, member of the West Virginia public service commission, onetime assistant state attorney general. Job: member, Interstate Commerce Commission.

► **Mrs. Katharine E. White**, 57, onetime mayor of Red Bank, N.J., chairman of the New Jersey Highway Authority, daughter of the late Abram I. Elkus, Woodrow Wilson's Ambassador to Turkey. Job: ambassador. In his rush to get all the appointments sorted out in time for the announcement, Johnson did not get around to selecting a country to which Ambassador-Designate White will go. But he plans to notify her the minute one turns up.

THE CONGRESS

A Woman Is Only a Woman, But Is This Bill Better Than Nothing?

Last May, when wheat growers in a national referendum voted down a subsidy plan with compulsory controls, Kennedy Administration officials vowed that farmers could go hang before they would get a substitute program.

But things change in an election year—and the Johnson Administration, with Agriculture Secretary Orville Freeman's support, put immense pressure upon Senate Democrats to pass the new farm bill, particularly the wheat part. And so the Senate last week wheezed its approval of a two-year \$1 billion wheat-

and-cotton subsidy bill. It was, of course, just another of those legislative thingamajigs that have for decades contributed so much to the continuing U.S. farm scandal.

As passed by the Senate, the measure guaranteed wheat farmers who agree to limit their acreage a support price of \$2 per bu. for wheat sold for domestic human consumption, and \$1.55 per bu. for export wheat. Textile mills would receive a subsidy of about 6¢ to allow them to buy U.S. grown cotton at the world price of 24¢ per lb. Cotton growers, while receiving a 30¢-per-lb. support price, would be paid a bonus for reducing plantings.

Of Smoke & Beef. With the exception of a successful amendment by Louisiana's Democratic Senator Allen J. Ellender, chairman of the Agriculture Committee, to limit the program to two years, all attempts at weakening the bill were defeated. Delaware Republican John J. Williams introduced an amendment that could end subsidies on tobacco, which for 30 years has received supports as one of the U.S.'s six "basic" agricultural commodities. Nonsmoker Williams wondered "whether the taxpayers should subsidize the production of this commodity, which the Surgeon General and other responsible physicians have said is harmful to the American people." Tobacco-state Senators rose in righteous wrath. Chief among them was North Carolina Democrat Sam Ervin, who borrowed a line from Rudyard Kipling: "And a woman is only a woman, but a good Cigar is a Smoke." Williams' amendment was voted down, 63 to 26.

Another key amendment was offered by Nebraska's Republican Senator Roman Hruska. Seeking a nonsubsidy way to ease the economic troubles of the U.S. livestock industry (TIME, Feb. 28), Hruska wanted to limit imports of foreign beef and veal to 540 million lbs. annually, instead of the 920 million lbs. called for in recent agreements between the U.S. and Australia, New Zealand and Ireland. While Hruska's amendment appealed to some lawmakers on both sides of the aisle, South Dakota Democrat George McGovern

noted that it "would cut the ground from under U.S. representatives" at forthcoming international tariff and trade talks, and the Administration was alarmed at its international consequences. Secretary of State Dean Rusk spent hours on the phone to Senate friends, and White House Legislative Aide Larry O'Brien's persuasion troops went into action. The amendment was beaten by a squeaking 46 to 44.

Not Airtight or Sure-Cure. The fact was that no one much liked the farm bill. Even Majority Whip Hubert Humphrey admitted apologetically: "I shall not attempt to deceive anyone. I do not find any of these proposals iron-clad or airtight or sure-cure workable. But they are better than doing nothing." That last sentence was surely debatable, but the Senate went right ahead and passed the farm bill, by a mostly party-line vote of 55 to 35. It next goes back to the House, which was unable to come up with a wheat bill last year when it approved the cotton program. House Democratic leadership probably will try to get the Senate bill referred to a conference committee for adjustment of Senate-House differences. And the farm scandal continues.

Last week the Congress also:

► Passed, in the House, a bill taxing the purchase of foreign securities by Americans, retroactive to last July 19. The bill was a major part of an attempt to reduce the U.S.'s balance-of-payments deficit and trim the outflow of gold. Since it was proposed by President Kennedy last summer, its effect has been dramatic. Virtually no new issues of foreign securities have been offered on New York exchanges, and the gold loss has dwindled. The measure now goes to the Senate.

► Approved, in the Senate Finance Committee, a bill implementing U.S. participation in a coffee import quota system set up by the International Coffee Council. An amendment provides that if Congress finds that coffee prices have risen unduly because of the agreement, the President should notify the council. If, after 30 days, no remedial action has been taken, the President could withdraw the U.S. from the pact.



JAILBREAKER CLARENCE GREGORY & HOSTAGE
Again the cameras caught the action.

TRIALS

Another Day in Dallas

The events flowing from the assassination of John F. Kennedy have been so bizarre that they could be criticized as bad fiction. Not the least of these was the assassination of the assassin in full view of several million televisioners. And last week, during the trial of the man who shot Lee Harvey Oswald, came another Dallas episode.

Seven prisoners, lodged in an upstairs cell block of the Dallas County Courthouse, overpowered a guard and started a dramatic getaway. One of them, brandishing a "pistol" carved out of soap and blackened with shoe polish, pushed his way into the crowded second-floor corridor of the courthouse. With his Palmolive pistol jammed into the back of a frightened female county employee, he barreled his way through the throng. "Get out of my way, please!" the woman cried. "He has a gun in my back!"

Run down in the melee was a 19-year-old pregnant stripteaser, Karen Lynn Bennett, professionally known as "Little Lynn," who was on hand as the first defense witness. Shrieked Little Lynn, after one look at the soap-gun: "Oh, my God! He's after me!" He wasn't. But there followed a scuffle, and within minutes the fellow with the soap and one other escapee were recaptured. The other five drifted through the confused crowds. Some were caught later, but a few got away. Television and still cameras caught most of the action. And the trial of Jack Ruby went on.

Just Helping Out. There was very little nonsense in the prosecution's case against Ruby. Dallas County District Attorney Henry Wade and his aides presented their case in less than three days. They were trying to prove that

Ruby, 52, shot Lee Harvey Oswald "with malice aforethought"—and not, as the defense argued, in a fit of momentary insanity brought on by grief over President Kennedy's death.

One of the first prosecution witnesses, Police Reporter John Rutledge of the Dallas Morning News, testified that Ruby was "a loudmouthed extravert" who loved to strut wherever there was big action. Rutledge said that he saw Ruby at police headquarters at least three times on the night of Nov. 22, after Oswald had been arrested. Ruby was familiar with the place; he always liked to hang around with cops. Wielding pad and pencil, he had slipped past a police guard among surging newsmen. "He was explaining to members of the press from out of state who everybody was," said Rutledge. "Somebody would come out and say something to the press and a newsmen would say, 'Who's that? Sheriff Decker?' and Ruby would say, 'No, that's Captain Will Fritz.' He'd spell out the names. He was making all the identifications, shouting them out." Once, testified Rutledge, an officer spotted Ruby in the crowd at headquarters and said, "Hey, Jack, what are you doing here?" Ruby had replied: "I'm helping out these reporters here."

Close-Up. Other witnesses said they saw Ruby hanging around headquarters on Saturday, Nov. 23, as well. Then on Sunday morning, Jack Ruby parked his car in a downtown parking lot, walked to a Western Union office to send a \$25 money order to Stripper Little Lynn, a faithful former employee who was in straits in Fort Worth. A Western Union employee testified that he stamped Ruby's receipt with his electric clocker at 11:17 a.m. Ruby seemed neither upset nor in a hurry, exchanged pleasantries and departed. According to police measurements, Ruby walked 339



LITTLE LYNN (IN SUNGLASSES)*

ft. 6 in. down the street to the underground garage ramp of police headquarters, and at precisely 11:21 a.m. he stepped out of a crowd of newsmen, shoved a snub-nosed .38-cal. revolver at Oswald and pulled the trigger.

The man who was closest to it all was Dallas Detective James Leavelle, who was handcuffed to Oswald while escorting the prisoner out of the city jail for transfer to a maximum security county cell. In a matter-of-fact Texas twang, Leavelle testified that "there was a man come from the crowd of reporters and photographers, right up in front of myself and Oswald. When he first dashed out from the crowd, I saw he had a pistol in his right hand, and he was raising his hand, getting ready to shoot. I reached to catch the man by his left shoulder. It appeared to me he took some quick steps."

Q. He fired the gun?

A. Yes, he did. Oswald grunted and said, "No," and slumped to the floor. I had to go down with him because I was handcuffed to him. Police Officer Graves had grabbed his gun and was wrestling the gun away from him. I was watching the gun more so than anything else at the time. The right hand was still contracting on the gun as if he were attempting to fire another shot. I had pulled Lee Harvey Oswald back behind me. As soon as I saw Mr. Graves had his gun arm, I turned my attention back to Mr. Oswald and carried him back into the police office.

Q. What did Ruby say?

A. He said, "I hope the son of a bitch dies..."

"You Know Me." Detective Thomas McMillon who also was close by, said Ruby shouted: "You rat son of a bitch—you shot the President," as he fired at Oswald. After Ruby was disarmed, he kept repeating, "I hope I killed the son of a bitch, I hope I killed the son of a bitch! You know me, you know me—I'm Jack Ruby!"

* At right, Mrs. Melvin Belli.

As Ruby was hustled off, a police captain said, "Of all the low-life things, this takes the cake! Why did you do it?" Replied Ruby: "Someone had to do it—you guys, the police, couldn't do it. I intended to shoot him three times, but you all moved too fast for me and I didn't get but one shot off!"

The Motive. Prosecutor Wade saved perhaps the most devastating witness against Ruby until last, Police Sergeant Patrick Dean had spoken to Ruby some minutes after the shooting. Against anguished protests from defense attorneys, Dean reported: "He said something about he had thought about killing Oswald two nights prior, when he had seen Harvey Oswald on the show-up stand." Continued Dean: "He said he believed in due process of law, but he was so torn up about this, he and his sister also—his sister had just gotten out of the hospital and she was very emotional also—and he said because this man had not only killed the President but also Officer Tippit, he knew the outcome of the trial would be inevitable—Oswald

would get the death penalty. And Ruby said he didn't see any sense in a long, lengthy trial and the necessity of subjecting Mrs. Kennedy to a trip back to Dallas."

By now, Defense Attorney Melvin Belli was on his feet, red-faced and shouting. He demanded a mistrial, cried that Dean's testimony was "incompetent, irrelevant and immaterial!"

Wade: Go ahead, Sergeant Dean.

Dean: He said he first thought about it when he noticed this sarcastic sneer on Oswald's face.

Wade: What night?

Dean: Two nights prior, Friday night . . . That was when he first decided that he would kill him. And he said he guessed he wanted the world to know that Jews do have guts.

When Dean left the stand, the prosecution rested its case. Next, the defense would try to convince the jurors that Ruby had gone out of his mind for a few moments, was not at the time responsible for his actions, but was now all right and could safely be set free.

A Jolt for Jimmy

The U.S. Justice Department has put numberless grand juries to work trying to dig up dirt on Teamsters Union Boss Jimmy Hoffa. During the past seven years, Hoffa was haled into federal courts four times on various charges—and four times he walked away laughing. But last week Justice Department Aide Walter Sheridan bolted out of a Chattanooga federal courtroom and put in a telephone call to his boss. "We made it!" Sheridan barked happily. "Nice work," said Attorney General Robert Kennedy, who has been making the downfall of Hoffa a principal target of his considerable zeal for seven years. Now Bobby had good cause for celebrating: Hoffa had just been found guilty on two counts of jury tampering. Each count can cost him \$5,000 and five years in prison.

A Force of Justice? The two-month trial grew out of an earlier legal battle in Nashville. There, in 1962, Hoffa went to trial on conspiracy charges. The case



THE RUBY JURORS

In a 6-ft. by 15-ft. box, with a brass rail dividing two rows of six chairs each, sat eight men and four women. All were white, all Protestant. It had taken 14 days to select them, and they would be asked to render a verdict on one of the most spectacular murders in history. From left to right (see photo), the Jack Ruby jury:

Luther E. Dickerson, 27, mild in appearance, a vice president of tile-making Fritz Chemical Co. and the father of two children.

Mildred McCollum, 40, a bouffant-haired mother of six who works as a secretary to augment her machinist husband's income.

Max E. Causey, 35, a former Air Force pilot who holds a master's degree in education and now works as an electronics analyst for defense contractor Ling-Temco-Vought, Inc. An enthusiastic hunter and fisherman, red-haired Causey was the first juror accepted by both sides, presently seems to be the jury's leader.

Aileen B. Shields, 58, a divorcee who lives with her mother, has worked the past 37 years for Southwestern Bell Telephone Co.

Robert J. Flechtner Jr., 29, a slim Christian Scientist who works as a paper salesman, likes to tinker with hot-roads on the side.

Gwen L. English, 45, a greying Perry Mason fan who works as a bookkeeper for an oil company; her husband is a diesel electrician for the Santa Fe Railway.

J. G. Holton Jr., 31, outwardly the most relaxed of the twelve jurors, a mailman who was fishing at nearby Mountain Creek Lake when Kennedy was shot.

Douglas J. Sowell, 34, a knuckle-cracking jet mechanic for Braniff International Airways, who earned his high school diploma in the Air Force.

James E. Cunningham, 34, a Cleveland-born electronics engineer for Texas Instruments, Inc., who attracts

attention as an especially conscientious juror by the way he sits bolt upright in the jury box.

J. Waymon Rose, 41, a native of Chattanooga, Tenn., who moved to Dallas 15 years ago, now sells furniture throughout Texas and three neighboring states, seems to be the humorist on the jury.

Louise Malone, 58, a fragile-looking widow who works as an oil company accountant, and whose hair turned white after her daughter got a bean caught in her windpipe and almost choked some 20 years ago.

Allen W. McCoy, 40, a big, Texas A & M-educated industrial engineer for a Dallas steel fabricator, of whom Defense Attorney Melvin Belli said: "I liked him, but not entirely from the start. Ruby liked him from the start."

ended in a mistrial when the jury failed to agree on a verdict. After that, Justice Department investigators found evidence that Hoffa and a few colleagues had tried corruptly to influence two members of the hung jury. In the case decided last week, Hoffa and a co-defendant were convicted of trying to win over a woman juror by promising to get a promotion for her husband, a member of the Tennessee Highway Patrol. In the second instance, Hoffa and two other co-defendants were found guilty of trying to bribe a man whose father was on the jury.

After the verdict, Hoffa still talked tough. "Of course I'll appeal," he snapped to newsmen. "What do you think?" According to Hoffa, the whole thing was "a railroad job" and "a farce of American justice."

No Job in Jail. As for his professional future, he added: "You can rest assured of one thing. The entire membership of the Teamsters Union is behind Hoffa in this fight. The wages, working conditions, health, the welfare and the pensions, the things we have got for them. This is what they want, and this is why they are all behind Hoffa in this."

Not quite. Hoffa's conviction could well mean the end of his labor career. There are plenty of dissident Teamsters, along with some ambitious Hoffa underlings, who are eager to take over Jimmy's job if he goes to jail. They will, of course, have to wait a while; Hoffa almost certainly can drag out his appeals for a long time. Meanwhile, he has another appointment in federal court—this one in Chicago, where he and seven other men will go on trial April 27 on charges of using the mails and wires fraudulently to make more than \$20 million in loans from a Teamsters pension fund, and diverting \$1,000,000 of that money for their personal use.

REPUBLICANS

Quite a Few Things to Say

Pennsylvania's Republican Governor William Scranton has been going about giving neat little "boost Pennsylvania industry" talks to audiences that often wanted to hear what he had to say about national politics. Last week Scranton changed his style. At a black-tie dinner of the Economic Club of New York, a nonpartisan organization, he uncorked a bitingly partisan speech that let the Democratic Party have it right between the wings. Most of the blue-chip audience of 1,400 went away convinced that they had just heard Scranton deliver the opening speech in a move toward the Republican presidential nomination.

Democratic Deadlock. In his 2,500-word address, Scranton ran down an imposing list of "failures which dot the national landscape," from unemployment and poverty to civil rights and urban blight. For all of them, he said, the Democratic Party, which has been in

the majority for most of the past 32 years, must be held accountable. "Our democracy is deadlocked, and the deadlock in the Democratic Party is the chief reason."

The trouble with that party, as Scranton sees it, is that "it is a party of dreams, on the one hand, and of reaction on the other. The party when it dreams has noble thoughts of shining cities, equal opportunities and social progress. The party when it governs is hamstrung by its reactionaries, who smash the dreams and leave the political landscape strewn with the broken promises of a deadlocked party."

In this situation, said Scranton, "progress today can be achieved only

One possibility: since state government can in many areas accomplish more and do the job better than the central government, "why can't the Federal Government turn over to the states a percentage of the taxes now collected by Washington?"

In a question period afterward, Scranton matter-of-factly gave his opinion on a number of other points. Would he debate Lyndon Johnson on television if he was a candidate? "Oh, sure." What about the tax cut? It was all right, but "we may end up with some inflationary problems." Was poverty really a problem? "Yes," he said emphatically, noting that played-out coal mines had seamed his own state with pockets of subsistence-level existence. But "the way to hit this problem is on a pinpointing basis," instead of "plastering money to fight poverty all over the place."

Getting It Off His Chest. Inevitably, Scranton's performance stirred new speculation about his intentions. So did the fact that a couple of Dwight Eisenhower's former aides—Speechwriter Malcolm Moos and Economic Adviser Arthur Burns—had helped him draft the speech. But to all reports that he was really getting ready to run, the Governor kept insisting that he was not a candidate, would become one only in the event of "an honest and sincere draft."

"I had some things to say," he explained later. "I got them off my chest, and that's that. And incidentally, I purposely said them in a lecturing tone and not in an emotional, histrionic manner so that it would be clear to everybody that I was not trying to run for any office." But it was not at all clear to a lot of people. After the speech, New York Life Insurance Co. Chairman Richard K. Paynter Jr. began a question: "If you are the candidate this fall, and I am sure if the vote were held here tonight you would be . . ." At that point, Paynter had to stop. A wave of applause was running through the Grand Ballroom of the Waldorf-Astoria.



Governor SCRANTON

The foot soldiers are tired of losing.

through the Republican Party." The "foot soldiers of the Republican Party," he cried, "are tired of losing. They are tired of being in the minority. They are tired of seeing their leaders outmaneuvered, outvoted and outpoliticized by the opposition. They are tired of being always on the defensive. They are tired of being cast in a negative role. And I don't blame them! It's time the Republican Party became once again the majority in America!"

All That & the Flag. Taking what some listeners interpreted as swipes at Presidential Candidates Nelson Rockefeller and Barry Goldwater, Scranton warned that the G.O.P. must avoid both "me-tooing the Democrats" and a benighted "do-nothingism" whose credo is that "America's problems will disappear if we all merely wrap ourselves in the Stars and Stripes." Instead, he said, the party must foster change, but in its own way. "We can devise a hundred different bold new attacks on the problems of America, and we can do it without going outside the framework of the Constitution and the Federal principle."

INVESTIGATIONS

Bobby's Long Green Carpet

To hear a Senate Rules Committee investigator tell it last week, whenever Bobby Baker showed up, bankers rolled out a long green carpet. Accountant Lorrin Drennan Jr. told the committee, which has been exploring the moonlighting manipulations of the former secretary to Senate Democrats, that between January 1959 and last November, Baker and his associates had borrowed some \$2,784,338 from 22 outfits—including the U.S. Small Business Administration.

The breakdown on Bobby's loans: Beckley National Bank, Beckley, W. Va., \$10,000; Suburban Trust Co., Hyattsville, Md., \$10,100; First National Bank of South Carolina, Denmark, S.C., \$13,238; McLachlen Banking Corp., Washington, \$16,000; State Bank &

Trust Co., Columbia, S.C., \$25,000; National Bank of Washington, \$28,000; Fidelity Investment Co., Washington, \$40,600; the Small Business Administration, \$54,400; District of Columbia National Bank, Washington, \$135,000; American Security & Trust Co., Washington, \$223,000; American National Bank, Silver Spring, Md., \$262,000; First National Bank in Dallas, \$471,000; Fidelity National Bank & Trust Co., Oklahoma City, \$475,000; Fraternity Federal Savings & Loan Association, Baltimore, \$746,000. In addition, Baker got loans totaling \$275,000 from eight other institutions. Of the total, Drennan said, Baker's personal share came to \$1,703,538. Many of Baker's notes had either been paid off or substantially reduced, but as of last Nov. 1, he said, Baker owed \$683,334, and was responsible as a cosigner for another \$1,000,000 in outstanding loans—on a salary of \$19,612 a year.

Among the week's other witnesses was Edward Levinson, a Las Vegas casino operator and Baker pal, who refused to answer some 60 questions. While waiting to testify, Levinson was handed a subpoena ordering him to produce his financial records in Las Vegas next week in a tax case involving Baker. Thus, even as the Rules Committee's low-octane investigation seemed about to run out of gas, Bobby's troubles were beginning to heat up.

But that apparently did not bother Bobby, who was already considering yet another career. There was a "distinct possibility" he might some day run for office, he said. If he did, he certainly could count on home-town support. Last week Baker was named a Pickens County delegate to the South Carolina Democratic Convention later this month. Said Baker: "People that know you and respect you and like you, even if you had done something wrong, will still be for you. They know me in Pickens."

THE ATOM

Rowe's Reactor

A few years ago, in Rowe, Mass. (pop. 260), a one-store mountain town on the Deerfield River not far from the old Mohawk Trail, they put up a brand-new nuclear reactor that turned out to be one of the U.S.'s largest. Owned by the Yankee Atomic Electric Co., a combine of a dozen New England utility firms, the reactor is worth \$57 million; last year it hummed over more than a billion kilowatt-hours of electricity. It is by far Rowe's biggest industry, and Postmaster Wendell Bjork—who owns the town's general store—estimates that the utility company pays 93% of Rowe's taxes.

Last week Rowe's reactor became a pawn in disarmament negotiations in Geneva. The U.S. announced that henceforth the reactor would be open to inspection by the International Atomic Energy Agency, an 86-member

organization set up in 1957 as part of Dwight Eisenhower's Atoms for Peace plan. Adrian S. Fisher, U.S. delegate to the 17-nation disarmament conference, explained that I.A.E.A. inspection of Rowe's reactor will be a permanent arrangement "whether or not other states reciprocate." Fisher pointed out that three smaller U.S. reactors—two at Brookhaven, N.Y., and one at Piqua, Ohio—have been under I.A.E.A. surveillance since 1962. Said Fisher: "The U.S. does not believe that opening these reactors to international inspection is a derogation of its national sovereignty, nor is the safeguard system onerous."

The main purpose of allowing international inspection of the Rowe reactor was to pull the Soviet Union into active

pigs in a six-month Federal Aviation Agency test. The test is to determine the effect upon groundings of flights by supersonic transport aircraft, which the U.S. is about ready to develop, when they start crisscrossing the country in the early 1970s.

Since the test began one morning last month, when an F-104 jet from nearby Tinker Air Force Base sonic-boomed over the city, the FAA has been: haled into federal court on two injunction suits, one filed by Plumber Woodrow Bussey, who finally fled to Arizona "for the duration"; named in 75 damage claims totaling \$10,067; the recipient of a death threat against national FAA Administrator Najeeb Halaby; deluged with more than 4,300 phone calls. Added to these was a pe-



NUCLEAR REACTOR IN ROWE, MASS.

In a one-store Yankee town, an international pawn.

use of international inspection and control over peaceful fissionable materials. But by week's end, the only Russian word was from Semyon Tsarapkin, chief Soviet disarmament delegate in Geneva, who said: "You know this is a very difficult subject. We are very sensitive about controls." That everyone knew, even in Rowe.

AVIATION

Boom Town

Some folks in Oklahoma City thought it was just one aggravation after another. One woman complained that her furniture was shrinking. Another said that her bra strap had snapped eight times in one day. A farmer north of town found his hens uninterested in such mundane matters as egg laying. And someone threatened to chuck a bomb at Mayor Jack Wilkes.

The ostensible cause of all this was eight sonic booms every 24 hours, day after day, week after week—a pattern of thunderclaps for the area's 750,000 inhabitants who have become guinea

culiar complaint from the owner of a general store in nearby Seward, Okla. Lately, it seems, a family of skunks have established residence under the store—and every time a sonic boom goes off, the striped creatures "retaliate in the only way they know how."

But not everyone in Oklahoma City wanted to ban the boom. One who does not is Stanley Draper Sr., managing director of the Chamber of Commerce. Draper hopes that supersonic transports will make the city a world trade center, and last week was in Nigeria trying to drum up business. Other boom boomers are the city's two newspapers, which have printed no fewer than eleven editorials rapping citizens for grouching about the noise, and Mayor Wilkes, who helped block a move by the city council to condemn the test. And there are several working girls who complained, after bad weather had canceled a 7 a.m. boom one day, that they had overslept.

Well, the FAA wanted reactions, and it is bound to get more. At week's end there were five months and 980 booms to go.

THE WORLD

SOUTH VIET NAM

Voyage No. 3

For the third time in five months, U.S. Defense Secretary Robert S. McNamara was in South Viet Nam to see what should—or could—be done about that frustrating, dragging war. This trip was the result of a new and disturbing series of events—the second coup in Saigon; De Gaulle's "neutralist" lures; terrorism by the Communist Viet Cong against Americans; the inability so far of South Viet Nam's latest strongman, 36-year-old General Nguyen Khanh, to get the government on the offensive.

The scene that awaited McNamara, therefore, was about as grim as ever. Four more U.S. advisers died during the week, raising the death toll of Americans in Viet Nam to 194. In an ominous admission of the breadth of Viet Cong influence, the Saigon regime pronounced 35 of the country's 42 provinces "unhealthy zones." With the military undergoing its umpteenth reshuffle, the 7th Division, south of Saigon, got its fifth commander in five months. A widely advertised "pacification" drive in the area was at a standstill. Only two months of the dry season—the best time for chasing guerrillas—remained, and Mekong Delta peasants allowed that the rains would come early this year.

The omens were not the best. Last week a Viet Cong battalion ambushed two government paratrooper units one mile from the Cambodian frontier, then fled, as the Reds have so often done in the past, into the adjacent kingdom.



McNAMARA AT TAKEOFF

Vietnamese-piloted planes pursued them to the border, killed an estimated 40 Reds with flaming napalm. But the troops had no U.S. helicopter support. Reason: to avoid the slightest chance of intruding on Cambodia's territory. American pilots are under orders not to fly within three miles of the border in areas where it is unmarked.

For the Johnson Administration, of which McNamara was earnest emissary, the question now arose whether to implement one or more of Washington's many plans to carry the Vietnamese war up into Ho Chi Minh's North Viet Nam. With November elections in the offing, Lyndon Johnson no doubt wanted to improve the U.S. position in Viet Nam. The nagging question was: How?

In any case, McNamara made clear on arrival in Saigon that the U.S. has no intention of pulling out—as some of its allies seem to think it should. To a crowd of 2,000 that welcomed him at the airport, cheering and waving tiny American flags, he announced: "There is no question of the United States' abandoning Viet Nam. We shall stay for as long as it takes."

CYPRUS

The Mediterranean Taft-Hartley

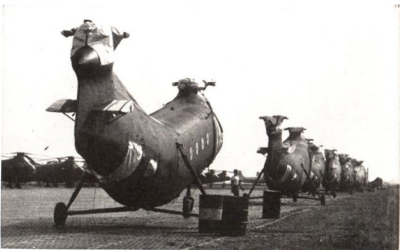
The U.N. Security Council last week finally agreed on a peace-keeping force for the strife-ridden island of Cyprus. But someone must have forgotten to tell the Cypriots, for guns were blazing and men dying in the magnificent green hills rising above the seaport of Kyrenia. There the slopes are dotted with villages that are alternately Turkish Cypriot and Greek Cypriot. At the top, Turkish Cypriots hold the medieval castle of St. Hilarion. "The Greeks are besieging us, but we have enough food and ammunition to last more than a month,"

said an angry Turkish Cypriot student. A Greek Cypriot leader asserted with equal anger, "We could easily kill all the Turks, but we don't want to. All we want to do is tear down their fortifications and take away their guns. With support from St. Hilarion, they menace all the Greeks of Kyrenia. We are going to make Cyprus safe and the Turks harmless."

Blue Beret. In its effort to end the little war on Cyprus, the Security Council unanimously passed a resolution providing for 1) a police force, which will spend three months on the island, 2) a military commander and a mediator, both to be named by Secretary-General U Thant, and 3) the estimated \$10 million costs to be borne by the nations sending troops and by hoped-for "voluntary" contributions from other member states of the United Nations. The Security Council, said one U.S. observer, "has issued a Taft-Hartley injunction, and now we've got 90 days to find a solution."

U Thant formally requested troops from Canada, Sweden, Finland, Ireland, Austria and Brazil, and the U.S. is expected to handle the logistics of getting the troops to Cyprus. He also named India's Lieut. General Prem Singh Gyani as commander of the U.N. peace-keeping force. Already in Cyprus as a U.N. observer, Gyani changed from civilian clothes to a resplendent uniform topped by a blue beret. His record as commander of the U.N. Emergency Force in the Middle East was faultless, and he has also served the U.N. in Yemen. As mediator, U Thant submitted the name of Guatemala's José Rolz-Bennett, 45, a lean, capable attorney with a growing reputation as a troubleshooter.

Smearred Yoghurt. Archbishop Makarios, President of Cyprus, claimed victory, argued that "Turkey cannot in the



DAMAGED HELICOPTERS IN SAIGON

The omens were not the best.

future threaten intervention in Cyprus," because, as he put it, the U.N. action is certain to lead to termination of the 1960 Treaty of Guarantee. The Turks, of course, violently and volubly disagree with Makarios' interpretation. In any case, Turkey would be unlikely to attempt an armed invasion of Cyprus unless the Turkish Cypriots were in danger of being wiped out. Moreover, last week elements of the U.S. Sixth Fleet had joined the Turkish navy in NATO maneuvers that seemed more for the purpose of keeping an eye on Turkey's intentions than for perfecting naval tactics.

Greece's Premier George Papandreou, finally at the helm of a new and stable government, reminded the world that Athens had not lost its voice. Demonstrators poured into the streets to protest alleged U.S. favoritism toward Turkey. In Rhodes, mobs broke 33 windows in the USIS building. U.S. President Lyndon Johnson, topped with fez, was burned in effigy, and the statue of former President Harry Truman (set up as a memorial to the Truman Doctrine, which saved Greece from Communism) was smeared with yoghurt. A visit to Athens by units of the U.S. Sixth Fleet, scheduled for last week, was canceled.

To everyone's surprise, Makarios suddenly announced that all Turkish Cypriots being held as hostages by Greek Cypriots would be released by their captors. The move was unconditional, said Makarios, though he added his hope that the Turkish Cypriots would reciprocate. Would the gesture ease the island's bitter tensions? The answer echoed from the Kyrenia hills, where, at week's end, the gunfire was as furious as ever.

GREECE

"Long Live the King!"

Church bells tolled mournfully throughout Athens. Atop Lycabettus hill, a lone cannon boomed an hourly salute. Women wept in the streets, and only funeral dirges were played on the radio. Throughout Athens, Greece's blue and white flag flew at half-staff for King Paul of the Hellenes, who died of thrombosis in the lungs last week at 62, after a 17-year reign that had seen Greece rise from destitution and civil war to become one of the most stable states in Europe.

For days, the royal family had kept a death watch around Paul's bedside at Tatoi palace, 15 miles north of Athens. From the Aegean island of Tenos, Greece's Lourdes, a sacred, jewel-encrusted ikon of the Virgin Mary, which is believed to work miracles, was sped by naval destroyer and limousine to the King's sickroom. Briefly Paul rallied. "I think I feel better," he said. A few hours later, he died. Her eyes reddened from lack of sleep, Queen Frederika kissed her dead husband, then tearfully turned to her son, now



PAUL & CONSTANTINE
An oath by candlelight.

King Constantine II, and said: "May you reign with his benediction."

Bearded Return. Descended from Denmark's royal House of Glücksburg, which took over the Greek throne in 1863, Paul did not have a drop of Hellenic blood in his veins. Throughout his youth, Greece's chaotic politics periodically sent the young prince into exile. Between 1923 and 1935, he slipped back into republican Greece just once, disguised by a thick black beard and posing as a deck hand on a friend's yacht.

In 1938, two years after the Greek electorate called his older brother George back to the throne, Paul married his youthful German cousin, Princess Frederika of Hanover, 16 years his junior, in an elaborate royal wedding in Athens. But royal housekeeping lasted only until the German Wehrmacht blasted into Greece in 1941. With his wife and two small children, Princess Sophie and Prince Constantine, Paul fled to Crete, then to Cairo, and finally to South Africa, where his third child, Princess Irene, was born.

Scarcely more than half a year after he returned to Athens at the end of the war, Paul succeeded George, who had died suddenly of a heart attack. Greece was battered and bleeding from the war. In the north, Communist guerrillas were fighting and winning a civil war against their countrymen. Quietly and efficiently, Paul and Frederika set out to rally their people against the Communists. In Jeeps and on muleback, the royal couple visited fighting

fronts, slept on dirt floors and ate with peasants.

Once, on a tour of the front lines with Frederika and General James Van Fleet, head of the U.S. military mission, Paul zigzagged his car down a rough country road that was under heavy Communist fire. "If your husband wasn't King," Van Fleet exploded to Frederika, "I'd tell him what a damn fool I think he is." When the war was finally won in 1949, Paul could take a large share of the credit for unifying Greece against the Reds.

Though his constitutional duties were largely ceremonial, Paul often showed a strong hand in domestic politics. In 1948 he laid claim to the British island of Cyprus, later publicly supported Greek Cypriots in their fight for independence. In 1955 he bypassed senior government officials and asked obscure Public Works Minister Constantine Karamanlis to form a government. Karamanlis won three elections, stabilized the government, beefed up Greece's anemic economy. But when he tried to block a royal visit to Britain last summer after anti-Greek demonstrations in London, Paul went anyway. Karamanlis quit in a huff.

Solemn Vows. Last week, as high government officials, the hierarchy of the Greek church, leading judges and Members of Parliament gathered solemnly for a candlelight ceremony at the royal palace, new King Constantine kissed a silver-bound Bible, then took the royal oath. "I succeed my father to the throne with the firm determination to follow his lofty example," Constantine declared. "I pledge to serve my country with wholehearted devotion, and all my powers as a vigilant guardian of the free institutions of the democratic regime. My only thoughts and cares will always be the true and supreme interest of our fatherland." When the vows had been spoken, Premier George Papandreou shouted "Long live the King!" and the assemblage echoed the words. At 23 the world's youngest monarch, Constantine will be tutored in statecraft by the foxxy Papandreou. 76, whose Center Union coalition won a landslide victory over Karamanlis' Conservatives last month. A tall, athletic youth who won an Olympic gold medal in 1960, Constantine can rely for some time on sympathy for his father and the good feeling engendered by his impending marriage next January to Denmark's Princess Anne-Marie to facilitate his task. But ultimately Constantine can calm Greece's latent antimanagerial feelings only by calling, like his father, on the motto of his royal house: "My power is the love of my people."

* Whose own son Andreas, 45, gave up U.S. citizenship and a University of California post as an economics professor to run for election and join his father's Cabinet as chief aide to the Premier.

AFRICA

Who Is Safe?

[See Cover]

Unless I can meet at least some of these aspirations, my head will roll just as surely as the tickbird follows the rhino.

—Julius Nyerere (1961)

The aspirations that accompanied African independence were great indeed, and to an extent, some of them have been realized. From Dakar to Dar es Salaam, gleaming office buildings rise where rust-roofed shantytowns once stood. Hydroelectric dams now hum where only the crocodile hunter passed ten years ago. Africans who a short time ago ran drugstores or taught elementary school debate eloquently with their former colonial rulers in the United Nations, or struggle manfully with the problems of nonalignment in a world increasingly complicated by shifts of temperature in the cold war.

But the tickbird still follows the rhino, and to the extent that Africa's new leadership has not met Africa's aspirations, or avoided the pitfalls left by its colonial past, heads have been rolling. The headlines of the past two months testify that Africa is still a continent of chaos and contradiction. Since the year began, crises have erupted at a rate of one a week, and it seems that in the alphabet of independent Africa, A is for anarchy, B is for bedlam, and C is for coup.

The Fragile Societies. Zanzibar's month-old government fell to a savage anti-Arab coup. A flash fire of mutinies singed the wings of three fledgling East African nations. Border warfare exploded between Ethiopia and Somalia.

Hatreds rooted in a tribal past bloomed into butchery as the Bahutu of Rwanda set out to eliminate their former Watutsi masters. Poisoned arrows zipped through the Congo's Kwilu province in the latest chapter of that sad nation's four-year history. In the Sudan, black secessionists battled the Arab government of Dictator Ibrahim Abboud. And last week, in Gabon, mobs hurled stones and bottles at the French troops who had restored bold, autocratic President Léon Mba to power last month after an abortive, 42-hour coup.

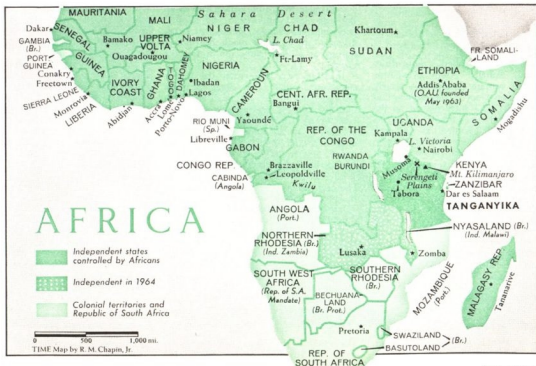
The fragility of Africa's new societies was nowhere more dramatically illustrated than in President Julius Nyerere's Tanganyika. Long considered Africa's most sensible and sensitive statesman, Nyerere had assiduously cultivated unity in his own country, preached it to the continent at large. His immense popularity at home had been based not on wild promises of a golden future but on a clear-eyed appraisal of the hard work that lay ahead. His own sober determination to get on with the job of building a nation seemed to have communicated itself to his people, largely through his motto, "*Uhuru na kazi*"—"Independence and work." Then, in a sudden, senseless instant, Nyerere's carefully woven fabric of stability ripped down the middle. His army rose against him; riots exploded in the streets of Dar es Salaam. Only by calling in British troops did Nyerere survive. When the smoke cleared, a frightening question remained: If Julius Nyerere could be shaken to the verge of destruction, who in all Africa was safe?

To the Ill-Prepared. One of the great ironies of the 20th century is that independence came most quickly and with

the least resistance to the world's poorest, most ill-prepared region. The vast swath of independent sub-Saharan Africa sweeps from Dakar on the Atlantic through the rain forests of the Congo, up and down the great lakes and Great Rift of East Africa, up to the bone-dry horn of Somalia. This 7,800,000-sq.-mi. area could almost contain Red China and the U.S., yet has only 186 million inhabitants. With few exceptions, the 29 nations of the region are abysmally poor, showing a per capita income of less than \$100 annually (compared with Latin America's \$295). Only 10% of the population can read and write.

Part of the blame for black Africa's current chaotic state lies with its former colonial rulers. "Divide and rule" was the watchword, and by encouraging tribalism, the colonial masters repressed the development of modern, nation-welding institutions in order to ensure easy administration. Over this mosaic of tribal loyalties and languages were laid arbitrary "national" boundaries, producing a cartography of chaos, a sort of automatic Balkanization that only heightened the African's confused sense of identity. The huge Bakongo tribe, for example, was split among three vastly different colonial regimes—the French Congo, the Belgian Congo and Portuguese Angola.

Guarding the colonial boundaries were armies of black conscript soldiers, whose white officers often encouraged their pride and savagery. Rarely did the colonialists train more than a thin rank of African civil servants, technologists or military commanders. In all the Congo, there were no doctors, one lawyer, 31 university graduates and 84 junior-high teachers when freedom came.



The New Class. The wave of independence that washed over Africa, beginning with Sudan in 1956, was followed almost immediately by a ripple of readjustment. From Ouagadougou to Bagamoyo, the bush dwellers flocked to the cities, ready to swap their tribal heritage for a briefcase and a \$30 suit. The cities suddenly bulged at their seams: from a population of 15,000 in 1939, the Ivory Coast's capital of Abidjan has swollen to more than 250,000.

"Africanization" was the cry: turn out the white civil servants and let the Africans run the show. Thus arose Africa's own version of the New Class, comprising everyone with a salary. And the salary, in most cases, had to be just what the Europeans were paid. In Nigeria today, young Hausa tribesmen in pin-stripe suits earn as much as \$8,400 a year as government civil servants, live in lovely houses on fashionable Ikoyi Island in Lagos. In Dahomey, fully 60% of the country's budget goes toward paying government personnel.

The strain is, of course, too great. Last year Senegalese Poet-President Léopold Sédar Senghor—once the prince of Paris' black *boulevardiers*—was obliged to tell the nation that Senegal could unfortunately no longer afford to pay civil servants housing and winter-clothing allowances or finance vacation trips to France. But Senghor has never implemented his decree, and the ridiculous subsidies remain. And he did not even dare suggest a cut in basic pay, for fear of another upheaval like the one he put down 15 months ago, when a coup was led by his old friend, Premier Mahmoud Dia, and supported by some mahmads, the territorial guard and the *gendarmérie*.

"No Help Needed." Africa's New Class demands jobs, and as a result bureaucracy proliferates. In the twelve governments of former French Africa alone, there are perhaps 200 ministers, where once 25 were enough. This pressure can lead to absurdities. In order to mollify his own youthful job seekers, Niger's President Hamani Diori last December ousted 16,000 Dahomeyans—the intellectual cream of West Africa—thus depriving himself of half his teachers and three-quarters of his Finance Ministry technical staff.

Too often, despite a government's best efforts, jobs are simply not to be found. In the Cameroun port town of Douala, shop and office windows are festooned with signs reading "No help needed." Secondary-school graduates are willing to work three months without pay for a chance at a job. Young men as diligent as that will eventually get ahead—even if they have to storm the presidential palace, burn a minister's Mercedes or join the *Union des Populations Camerounaises*—a rebel group that has conducted the longest, bloodiest rebellion in Africa, a seven-year war that has cost 50,000 lives.

The Game Is Je Souffre. Almost everywhere, the rural African has fared less well than his city brother, and bitter



NYERERE & ADVISERS²
The colonial inheritance: a cartography of chaos.

jealousy is the inevitable result. In the Congo's Kwilu province, Pierre Mulele has capitalized on this resentment and, with the aid of a Communist guerrilla-warfare manual, made his disillusioned Congolese rebels, the *Jennessé*, a potent weapon against the government.

Nowhere has independence been so agonizing as in the Congo. After the Belgians left, tribal warfare and secession sent the once promising young nation slithering almost instantly backward to the Stone Age. Today, in Katanga's Elisabethville, once a delightful, well-fed little city, meat hunters sell rats to hungry housewives, Congolese, from children to Cabinet ministers, play the game of *je souffre*, their long faces proclaiming their suffering even while their hands reach out for *matabichi*—the bribe. The bribe rarely works for long. Says one would-be fixer with frank wistfulness: "You can't buy these guys. All you can do is hire them for the afternoon."

The Congo's pathetic struggle to build some kind of parliamentary government has been a miserable failure. Last September, confusion was so great in the Parliament that it was prorogued. This spring the Congolese hope to vote for a new Parliament—with no great expectation of improvement. After the election, the United Nations troops that have held Premier Cyrille Adoula's government together will pull out. Already the vultures (including Mulele) are circling, and many feel that Adoula may be the Keresky of Africa.

Victim to Dry Rot. Another source of African unrest has been the extravagance and economic naïveté of some of its new leaders. The Brazzaville Congo's Abbé Fulbert Youlou, a Roman Catholic priest turned President, ordered mauve cackocks from Dior, quaffed champagne and built himself a

luxury hotel. Meanwhile, his country's timber-based economy fell victim to dry rot. Crowds of New Class labor union members, with the aid of the army, politically defrocked him last August. A similar fate befell Dahomey's President Hubert Maga, who built himself a \$3,000,000 palace and shrugged off charges of "squandermania" until his countrymen last December gave him the boot.

But austerity can be just as dangerous. No West African leader was more reluctant to part with a franc than Togo's strapping Sylvanus Olympio. Then one night he woke to find his house aswarm with mutinous soldiers. Next morning he was found dead near the U.S. embassy, with lizards scuttling near his body. The soldier who shot him said he had not meant to kill. It was just that the troops wanted a bigger army.

The happiest combination of political freedom and national progress on the continent so far has occurred in Nigeria. There, three clearly defined and potentially antagonistic tribal regions have been melded into a smoothly working two-party federal government under stolid Prime Minister Sir Abubakar Tafawa Balewa. Since 1950, Nigeria's gross national product has grown steadily. It now has five universities where it had none in 1947, and its primary-school enrollment has more than tripled (from 820,000 to 2,600,000) in the same time. But Sir Abubakar has his problems. Nigeria's last official census was in 1952, and since not only political but economic power hangs on the numerical balance between the feudal north and the more progressive south,

² At left: Minister of External Affairs and Defense Oscar Kabumba; at right in white cap: Vice President Kawawa.



KENYA'S KENYATTA & KIKUYU ELDERS

Following Uhuru, mauve cassocks, squandermania and Africanization.



SUDAN'S ABOUD & EMPEROR HAILE SELASSIE

Africanization.

Nigerians want desperately to know how many of which are where. Two weeks ago, "preliminary" results of last fall's census were released, showing an astounding 64% jump, to 55.6 million people. Since the main "increase" came in the politically dominant north, suspicious southerners cried foul. Riots broke out, and more than a thousand students in Ibadan chartered buses and headed for Lagos to demonstrate. They were turned back by steel-helmeted cops with tear gas.

That sort of regional trouble is perhaps only to be expected in a huge, tribally fragmented nation like Nigeria. But what happened earlier this year in Tanganyika, blessed by a minimum of tribal conflict, came as a jolt to all the world.

Suited for Freedom. Tanganyika came to independence in 1961 no better off economically than any other African nation. Though huge (362,688 sq. mi.) and harshly beautiful, the country was not wealthy. Average income was \$55 a year, and fully half of its exports were in three crops: sisal, cotton and coffee. Tanganyika's mineral wealth was scanty, consisting of some gold and the Williamson diamond mine near Lake Victoria in the north. With its game-thick Serengeti Plains aswarm with trophy heads, and soaring Mount Kilimanjaro to attract all the Hemingway buffs, it had tourist potential.

But Tanganyika had three things working for it that made the country seem ideally suited for *uhuru*. Of its 10,000,000 population, 98% is African. And although the people are divided into 120 separate tribes, the majority are of Bantu stock, and all share the Swahili lingua franca. Thus, unlike neighboring Kenya and Uganda, Tanganyika has no basic conflicts between rival tribes or kingdoms, nor had it a large white-settler population to fight against in-

dependence and give rise to black Mau Mau-type terrorism. What whites there were mostly stuck to the cool, green coffee-and-banana highlands.

Secondly, Tanganyika has had no bitter experience with colonialism in recent years. Its brief encounter with the Germans is almost forgotten today. In 1884, the fast-moving explorer Karl Peters swung through Tanganyika and in six weeks made treaties with twelve chiefs to make Tanganyika a German territory. Harsh administrators, the Germans put down rising after rising, the most serious being the Maji-Maji rebellion in 1905, repressed the people so cruelly that any colonial power to follow could only have seemed gentle by comparison. After World War I, when the British threw the Germans out, Tanganyika became a British mandate, first under the League of Nations, then the United Nations.

Up from Tribalism. These two preconditions needed a third, however, to make Tanganyika a successful independent state. That ingredient—leadership—is provided by Julius Nyerere. A slender, soft-eyed man with a Chaplinesque mustache, Nyerere is the antithesis of most African leaders. Where others affect high-flown nicknames like "Redeemer" (Ghana's Kwame Nkrumah) or "Lion of Malawi" (Nyasaland's Kamuzu Banda), Nyerere is content to be known as *Mwalimu*—Swahili for teacher. Where other leaders use their high-powered, government-owned radios for propaganda messages, Nyerere uses his to broadcast casual economic lessons. Recently he translated Shakespeare's *Julius Caesar* into Swahili, and although after Caesar's assassination Cassius shouts "*Uhuru, uhuru!*", Tanganyika's Julius was careful to avoid equating himself with Rome's.

Julius Kambirage Nyerere was born 42 years ago near Musoma, on the shores of Lake Victoria, into a pagan, tribal

world. His father was a chief of the Zanaki, a small (40,000 members) Bantu tribe that filed the teeth of their young and fought the fierce, blood-and-milk-drinking Masai. Herding goats as a boy, Julius, at twelve, wrapped himself in a piece of trade cloth and hiked off to begin his education.

At Tanganyika's Tabora Secondary School, he got good grades and was converted to Roman Catholicism, but never made "head boy"—his teachers found him not enough of a disciplinarian. At Uganda's Makerere University, he won first prize in the regional literary competition. His essay: an application of John Stuart Mill's arguments for feminism to the tribal societies of Tanganyika. After three years of teaching biology, he won a scholarship to Edinburgh, and in 1949 became the first Tanganyikan ever to study at a



GHANA'S NKRUMAH

Some time ahead, the luxury of dissent.



NIGERIA'S SIR ABUBAKAR



SENEGAL'S SENGHOR



CONGO'S ADOULA

A for anarchy, B for bedlam, C for coup.

British university. There he whipped his white friends at word games, studiously subdued the crossword puzzles in the Scotsman, and whetted the "politics of complaint," which would lead him to the presidency of Tanganyika. Then he went home.

Forging a Party. On July 7, 1954, Nyerere converted a social club into the Tanganyika African National Union. TANU was his from then on. Off into the back country he went to recruit members and cut tribal bonds. Wearing green bush shirts, slacks and leather sandals, waving an ivory-topped cane and chain-smoking Clipper cigarettes (he has since stopped), Nyerere began touring Tanganyika in a battered Land Rover. "I still remember the license—DSK 750," he reminisces. "We had to push so often over the mud-holes that I will never forget it." A low-key speaker who never talked down to his audiences, Nyerere interlarded his membership pitches with dry humor and nonviolent philosophy. Yet the British considered him a dangerous rabble-rouser, as they did anyone pushing for *uhuru*. Nyerere also courted danger with his own people. "I will never be a member of any government that dis-

criminate against non-Africans," he said—and meant it.

By 1960, TANU was 500,000 strong and unquestionably the best-organized party in East Africa. In elections that summer, party candidates won 70 of 71 seats in the Legislative Council, and a month later Nyerere was asked to form a government. By December 1961, the country was fully independent. A torch was lighted on the summit of Mount Kilimanjaro, and Julius Nyerere became the first East African leader to have achieved *uhuru*.

Rumbles of Disorder. The crises that Nyerere had always expected developed quickly. First came the threatened resignation of 600 British civil servants, desperately needed to run the government until Africans could be trained to replace them. They were angry because their "golden handshake"—the severance pay of up to \$28,000 a man—could not be paid in lump sums. Nyerere's government simply could not afford it. Turning on the earnest charm that had welded his party, he talked 300 of the British into staying on. But then another disaster struck. Droughts and floods in 1962 ruined the maize crop, forcing 500,000 Tanganyikans onto the famine rolls, gobbling up \$6,000,000 earmarked for national development. Nyerere already had help from Britain and the World Bank, including a \$67 million three-year plan designed by his British Finance Minister, shrewd, brilliant Sir Ernest Vasey. Nyerere also instituted a "self-help" program under which Tanganyikans donate one day a week to urgently needed projects.

So far so good. But then—only 44 days after independence—Nyerere's well-tuned ear caught rumblings of dissent within TANU. With *uhuru* an accomplished fact, party discipline was crumbling. Says former Governor General Sir Richard Turnbull: "TANU was like a 100-horsepower engine which had been building up its power before independence, then had the load lifted." Nyerere feared that TANU might turn against him. So he resigned.

Back to the Bush. Turning over the prime ministry to his reliable, mild-mannered deputy, Rashidi Kawawa,



GABON'S MBA

Julius jumped into his Land Rover and began beating through the bush. In fly-blown Indian Ocean towns and sun-seared mud-hut villages in Chaggaland, he recruited new grass-roots leaders and urged participation in the self-help program.

By mid-1963, the government's \$250,000 investment in self-help had yielded an estimated \$2,500,000 in product: 10,400 miles of roads, 166 clinics, 368 schools, 267 village halls, 308 dams and 515 wells. At one tiny village, a man dug up 500 ant-eaten pound notes and brought them to Nyerere, who promised to build a bank on the very spot.

Nyerere's self-exile actually served as a long election campaign. In November 1962, with Tanganyika becoming a republic, he ran for President and took 98% of the 1,100,000 votes cast.

Loading the Rifles. Nyerere had always insisted on equality for all races in the new Tanganyika—for whites and Arabs as well as for the black majority. However, during his first two years, he had compromised to the extent of implementing an Africanization program aimed at filling government jobs with Africans. Then last January he made an announcement that ultimately reverberated up and down the length of East Africa's Great Rift. "It would be wrong of us to continue to distinguish between Tanganyikan citizens on any ground other than character and ability," he told the nation. "We cannot allow the growth of first- and second-class citizenship." Africanization, he said, was dead. For this bow to racial equality, he was immediately and savagely denounced by trade union leaders in Dar. Silent but more ominous was the reaction of the Tanganyika Rifles, the nation's 1,600-man army. Still commanded by British officers two years after *uhuru*, the African soldiers interpreted de-Africanization to mean that they would not gain the promotions they had been promised. Locked and loaded with resentment, the Rifles needed only a touch to unload through the muzzle. Four days later, on the tiny island of Zanzibar,



ZANZIBAR'S KARUME & OKELLO
Behind studded doors, death.



NYERERE & FAMILY
At 3 a.m., a rude awakening.

22½ miles off the East African coast, a finger began moving toward the trigger.

Shaken Awake. Led by John Okello, a muscular, messianic Ugandan house painter turned cop, a handful of rebels armed with a few automatic rifles, pangas, and bows and arrows stormed the police army, grabbed the cable office, radio station, police and government headquarters, and toppled the Arab-dominated Zanzibar Nationalist Party government. Behind studded doors and on clove plantations, the heavily armed Arabs fought on for days. Before the bloodbath ended, at least 500 Arabs were dead, while some reports counted the casualties as high as 5,000. Into the presidency came Afro-Shirazi Party Leader Abeid Karume, who claimed that he had really sparked the revolt. Okello denied it. However, last week Okello was twirling a cane in Dar es Salaam, and reports had it that he was no longer welcome in Zanzibar.

Whatever the motives and machinations of Zanzibar's coup leaders, it is clear that the violence and ease of accomplishment with which their revolution was carried out flashed a mutinous impulse across the Zanzibar Channel. At 3 a.m. on Jan. 20, Julius Nyerere was asleep in the second-floor bedroom of his Moorish-style State House in Dar es Salaam. Suddenly security men shook him awake, told him that mutiny had erupted among the battalion of Tanganyika Rifles stationed at Colito Barracks outside Dar. Fearing that, like his friend, Sylvanus Olympio, he might be killed to no purpose, Nyerere went into hiding. Had he remained in public view, if only to negotiate with the mutineers, the general rioting and the 17 deaths that followed might not have occurred. Today Nyerere admits as

much. But he did accomplish the most important thing—he kept himself and his government alive.

After his hard-driving Minister of External Affairs and Defense, Oscar Kambona, had negotiated a settlement with the rebels, Nyerere emerged, toured the city to the relief of all, but made no mention of disciplining the mutineers. Next day, to test his control over them, he ordered the First Battalion to put on its dress uniforms. They refused. Negotiations over the pay increase were breaking down and the soldiers were growing restive. Their ringleaders had been meeting with the leaders of the Tanganyika Federation of Labor, and there were reports that a general strike was being planned for the weekend.

Nyerere still refused to act. Finally, Kambona convinced him that he must call for help. Both Kenya's and Uganda's Prime Ministers, Jomo Kenyatta and Milton Obote, had swallowed their anticolonial pride and called in British troops when the spirit of mutiny flared among their Riflemen. Reluctantly, Nyerere followed suit. It took only 60 Royal Marine Commandos to rout the mutineers.

On Beyond Anarchy. Once the British presence was an accomplished fact, Nyerere got tough. He dismissed the entire First Battalion, fired 500 of his 5,000-man police force suspected of aiding the mutineers, and disbanded the labor federation, arresting 200 of its ranking members. Then, safe but sorry, he cast about for ways to fend off potential African criticism for his calling in of the British.

His solution was to call a special meeting of the Organization for African Unity. This fledgling Pan-African

grouping of 33 states was created last May at Addis Ababa, where Emperor Haile Selassie sponsored the latest moves toward continental unity. The O.A.U. is an amalgam of two earlier unity attempts that had failed (the Casablanca Pact and the Monrovia Group), and with its insistence on African solutions to African problems, it listened with sympathy to Nyerere's story, effectively absolved him of his sin. Shaken but still alive, Julius Nyerere set out to rebuild his army and his popularity.

Haven for Rebels. What does Nyerere's experience portend for the future of emerging Africa? One of the few heartening lessons in his brush with disaster was the O.A.U.'s willingness to forgive him. Nyerere, after all, is a leader in African unity, permits his capital to be used as headquarters for the O.A.U.'s Liberation Committee, whose aim is to crack the white grip on southern Africa. This is one of the few issues around which all black Africans can rally. Dar es Salaam (Arabic for "Haven of Peace") further belies its name by serving as the home base for at least seven African insurgent parties dedicated to eradicating colonialism and *apartheid* from the south. Largest is the Mozambican Liberation Front—*Frelimo*—which maintains a military training camp 40 miles northwest of Dar, where some 500 young Mozambican refugees receive weapons training with rifles supplied by Algeria.

But it seems clear from the events of recent months that neither these rifles nor any others will be used against white Africa in a major assault for some time to come. The new independent nations have too many problems at home. The war against white Africa will be fought, for the time being, with boycotts and propaganda, and through such limited guerrilla-type actions as Holden Roberto's in Angola. There is, of course, the continuing struggle against Africa's whites in the corridors and debating saharas of the United Nations, where sub-Saharan's independent countries—fully 28% of the General Assembly—bring unrelenting pressure to bear.

Voice of the Mammies. What institutions are emerging from the new Africa? Whether Western political scientists like it or not, the one-party state seems likely to be the pattern in most of Africa for the foreseeable future. African leaders argue that, to a degree, it provides just the continuity from colonialism that the new nations need. Colonial administrators found it easier to make major decisions without consulting the populace. In the same way, one-party leaders like Nyerere and Nkrumah insist that they cannot afford the luxury of dissent and opposition. Many argue, by way of rationalization, that the one-party state is a modern adaptation of traditional tribal society, in which the individual was free to express his viewpoint under the baobab tree, but had to accept the tribe's (or

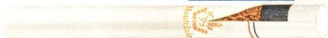


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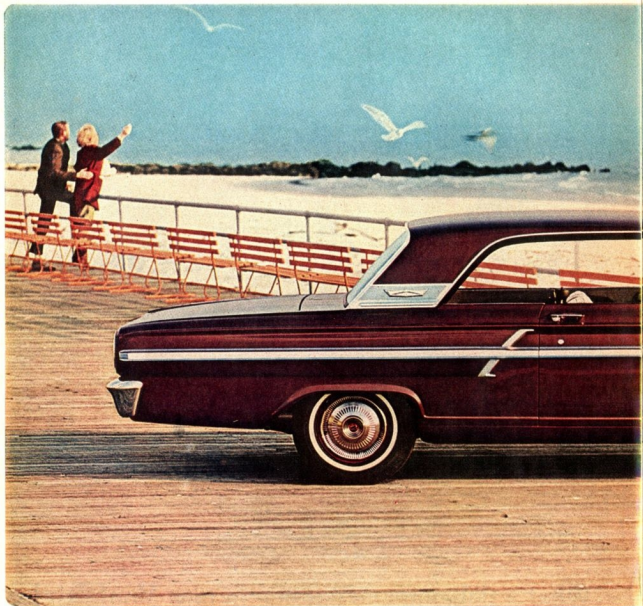


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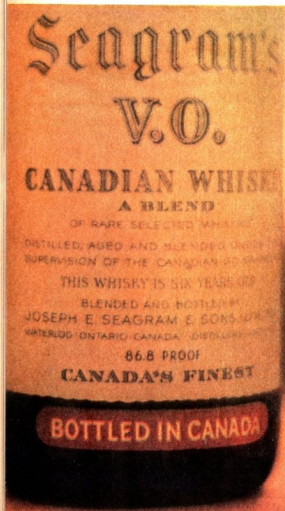


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ROMANIAN REDS IN PEKING
Oil for the lamps of China?

COMMUNISTS

The Boys from Bucharest

A delegation from Communist Rumania led by Premier Ion Maurer showed up in Peking last week, and the West's Kremlinologists were wondering why. Not since Nikita Khrushchev himself traveled to Red China in 1959 had such a high-level European Communist mission made the trip.

One group of Western experts, pointing out that Rumania had carefully steered a neutral course in the Sino-Soviet feud, argued that the trip was made on behalf of the Soviets in order to show the Red bloc that Moscow was more reasonable than Peking. As evidence, the experts pointed out that the Soviet Ambassador to Bucharest had seen the Rumanians off at the airport, and that the delegation had wired fraternal greetings to Khrushchev as their plane entered Soviet airspace.

Peering into the opposite side of the crystal ball, other Kremlinologists interpreted the mission as a thinly veiled slap at Nikita by Rumanian Party Boss Gheorghe Gheorghiu-Dej, an old Stalinist who ostentatiously laid a wreath on Joe's tomb a few years ago. Rumania had already defied Soviet economic planners by building up its own industry rather than humbly serving as raw-material supplier for the rest of Eastern Europe. According to the latest theory, the boys from Bucharest were now parading their ideological independence from the Russians.

In fact, however, ideology may be less significant than economics in explaining the motive behind the Rumanian visit. Rumania is eager to find markets for exports; Bucharest's booming oil industry can easily fill Red China's desperate need for refining equipment. One solid indicator pointed to economics as a key factor: Peking's new Ambassador to Rumania, Liu Fang, is unknown as a diplomat but well known as the former vice-minister of Red China's faltering petroleum industry.

FRANCE

Unequal Time

One might think that Gaston Defferre, French Socialist candidate for President and the only man so far to challenge Charles de Gaulle in the next election, would be a prime TV news subject in his homeland. But when he began his campaign with a series of rallies in Bordeaux last month, not a glimpse of his face appeared on French video screens. Last week when a television interview with Defferre, shot by a West German network, was made available to France's state broadcasting monopoly, Radiodiffusion, Télévision Française, the film wound up on the cutting-room floor. R.T.F.'s producers, who scissored it out of a prepared news program, explained: "The presidential campaign is not yet open."

The episodes underscored an issue that is producing a crescendo of static in non-Gaullist ranks, and even among some conscience-stricken Gaullists themselves—De Gaulle's blithe appropriation of France's radio and TV grid for his own political uses. When De Gaulle speaks, his words are broadcast repeatedly; but Defferre, since announcing his candidacy in December, has become the Invisible Man on the French TV screen. On the infrequent occasions when newscasters note that Defferre has delivered a speech, they studiously overlook his critiques of Gaullism. This is especially important since polls show that Defferre, mayor of Marseille, is still unknown to 42% of the nation's populace.

Firing off an acid letter to the President, Defferre asked whether his exposure problem might be "because I am a candidate for the presidency." Of course De Gaulle did not reply. Instead, his aides made the blackout official by decreeing that presidential candidates would be allowed only two hours each of radio and TV time, and then only during the last two weeks before the election, which is due to be held before Dec. 21, 1965.

chief's) decision once rendered. And indeed a certain amount of discussion filters up from the ranks to the top in parties like TANU, even in Nkrumah's monolithic Convention People's Party. *Osagyefo* recently told a visitor that he not only listened intently to the dissenting opinions of Ghana's "market mummies" but accepted them with alacrity; after all, the mummies control much of the nation's retail trade, hence hold much of its cash. The situation is familiar to any Madison Avenue man working on a consumer-goods account.

What Nyerere's near disaster demonstrated more pointedly than anything else is that even the leader of a strong one-party state cannot enforce his decisions so long as his army disagrees. For the most part, Africa's armies are small and politically uninformed. But political awareness seems to be developing. Nyerere's solution to the problem has been to rebuild his army with TANU Youth Wingers, and already he has thousands of volunteers. This, he claims, will both keep the nation's youth busy and provide Nyerere with a body of troops that see things through TANU's—and therefore his—eyes. If political awareness must come to his army, he would rather it be his brand of awareness. The Ivory Coast's President Félix Houphouët-Boigny has perhaps the easiest solution to the problem: since the *Ivoriens* have no enemies to fight, he has simply taken their guns away. Even the cops in Abidjan carry nothing more deadly than cigarettes and money in their holsters.

An old saying has it that in Africa "there is no past, no future, only the present." For the time being, the present means ambition and anarchy, poverty and political intrigue. Upheaval will follow *uhuru* for some time to come. Slowly, gradually, economies will harden, a middle class will emerge, political activity will coalesce into forces that can be accommodated by democratic techniques. Then, and only then, will any African be safe.

THE HEMISPHERE

MEXICO

El Macho Comes to Call

It is, of course, unthinkable that on his first trip to Latin America he should arrive in a U.S.-built plane. So the Boeing 707 on which Charles de Gaulle is to cross the Atlantic will be parked at Pointe-à-Pitre in Guadeloupe, and he will fly on to Mexico for a four-day state visit next week in a French-built Caravelle. And what kind of reception will *le grand Charles* get? Possibly not the thunderous outpouring that President Kennedy received, but a very special *abrazo* just the same. Wrote Mexico's *Política* magazine: "The illustrious visitor comes with the personality characteristic of an independent country that has detached herself from the tutelage of the U.S."

In Latin America, so long and so completely dependent on the U.S., De Gaulle is getting to be the image of *El Macho*, the big boy, who has shown everybody how to deal with those Yankees. De Gaulle recognized Red China despite U.S. disapproval; he more or less rules the Common Market and all but ignores NATO. He is, in fact, a sort of "respectable Castro" to many Latinos. "In Latin America," said a senior French official in Paris, "it may be either Castroism or Gaullism." Not quite. Nevertheless, in Mexico De Gaulle will make his major speech from the balcony of the Presidential Palace in Zócalo plaza—a signal honor never before accorded a visiting dignitary—and he is already reported to be practicing Spanish phrases.

Following the Mexican visit there will be a grand De Gaulle tour next fall of Peru, Argentina, Uruguay, Brazil. "Let us get ready to raise our flags," wrote Lima's *El Comercio*. And in Rio, there were hints that Brazil, too, might recognize Red China. Even Fidel Castro was impressed by *El Macho*. In a TV interview he said that he "sympathizes" with many things in De Gaulle's policy, also confided that he is studying De Gaulle's memoirs.

COLOMBIA

Stamping Out la Violencia

The fighting has been going for 16 years. In a country less populous than the state of New York, it has already claimed the lives of some 200,000 people—six times the total battle deaths of all U.S. forces in the Korean war. Colombians simply call it *la violencia*, the only way to describe the senseless slaughter and banditry waged by hate-filled peasants who long ago forgot what they were fighting about. Now, at long last, there are encouraging signs that Colombia's government is gaining the upper hand and beginning to pacify the remote badlands.

In 1962, according to statistics reported last week, 75 peasant gangs with 1,500 men terrorized the interior, killing some 2,500 civilians and government troops. Today only 33 gangs remain, with fewer than 800 men. Government and civilian casualties have dropped 50% in the past year, while bandit casualties are up 30%. As in other guerrilla wars, statistics never tell the whole story. Several trouble spots remain, but hundreds of families are returning to their lands in seven newly declared zones of "total pacification" in the out-backs.

Franela & Corbata. Colombia's violence started in 1948 as an ugly political war between the country's Liberals and Conservatives—triggered by the assassination of Liberal Party Leader Jorge Eliécer Gaitán. Conservatives drove Liberals from their villages; Liberals in turn regrouped as guerrillas, making the plains their stronghold. Soon killing became an end in itself, sadistic and without cause. Some machete-wielding fighters specialized in the *franela* cut, in which the victim's head was sheared from his body with an incision resembling the circular neckline of a flannel undershirt; others preferred the *corbata*—one slice across the throat, through which the victim's tongue was pulled, to look like a necktie. With the grim slogan of "Leave no seed," children were murdered, men emasculated, pregnant women cut open.

Successive governments sent troops in, but the terrain and guerrilla tactics of the peasant gangs proved too much. In 1953, Military Strongman Gustavo Rojas Pinilla granted an amnesty; when

that failed, he bombed villages harboring bandits and imprisoned entire communities. In 1958, the Liberals and Conservatives finally patched up their differences and formed the Frente Nacional coalition, hoping to restore peace. But the violence raged on. Besides military action, President Alberto Lleras Camargo tried buying off the bandits; one leader collected \$15,000, then hurried back to the hills, where he ran his grisly toll to 592 murders before he himself was killed last year. Not until President Guillermo León Valencia was elected in 1962 did the bandit war take a turn for the better. The man responsible: Major General Alberto Ruiz Novoa, Valencia's battle-tough war minister and commander of the Colombian detachment that fought in Korea. Says Ruiz: "We learned from Cyprus, Algeria and other such experiences that you cannot defeat a guerrilla by regular warfare. You have to take away the support of the population."

Carrot & Stick. The basis of Ruiz' campaign is "military civil action," a program for making friends among the *campesinos*. Army troops show backward peasants how to build schools, highways, health centers, wells and sewers. Government agencies contribute drugs and crop seeds. *Alianza* funds provide many items, from mobile dispensaries to bulldozers. Army officers help out in classrooms. On Sundays, military bands tootle in village squares. And throughout the country, thousands of posters ask *campesinos* to help the military track down bandits.

To go with civic action, Ruiz has



BANDIT VICTIMS AFTER MASSACRE (1963)

Killing became an end in itself.



MAJOR GENERAL RUIZ

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RETIRING PRESIDENT BETANCOURT
Democracy can succeed.

mounted a military offensive built around 100 mobile, twelve-man "killer" teams from the "Laceros," or Lancers, the army's crack fighting force. In some villages, the military investigates every citizen, questions unarmed strangers, shoots on sight any armed newcomers. Many of Ruiz' patrols are disguised as civilians, inviting bandit attack; army undercover men infiltrate bandit gangs, lead them into ambush. Colombian pilots, who have learned air envelopment tactics in the U.S., are equipped with scores of choppers.

The Gnat & Sure Shot. In the past few months, two of the worst bandit leaders—*el Mosco*, the Gnat, and *el Sultan*—have been killed. Between them, they accounted for 500 murders. Most of the bandits are ordinary killers, but Communist and Castroite agents are busy in the backlands. Last week Pedro Marín Marulanda, a well-known Red who calls himself "Sure Shot," destroyed an army helicopter, murdered its two crewmen and kidnaped the passengers. Bandit Frederico Arango, who was killed last year, had a five-foot bookshelf of Communist bestsellers, including Che Guevara's *Guerrilla Warfare*. Pedro Brincos, also killed last year, was found with Communist documents from Cuba.

The battle is far from over. A change of government could disrupt the whole military program. Disaffected Liberals have joined in a leftist opposition movement that will test the Frente Nacional's strength in congressional elections next week. But for the first time in years, the atmosphere is hopeful. Pablo Samper, a Bogotá businessman, actually took his wife with him on a recent visit to his 5,000-acre *fincas* in northern Tolima department. "I used to spend the weekends there with my family," he says. "Maybe the time will come again."



LEONI CALDERA

Politicians can fail.

VENEZUELA

Rómulo's Last Tape

In his five years in office, Rómulo Betancourt proved that democracy could work in Venezuela. He tamed the military, subdued the Communists, won the confidence of business, and embarked on a successful program of social and economic reform. This week, as Venezuela's first president in 134 years to complete his term, Betancourt will turn over the red, blue and yellow sash of office to a freely elected successor: Raúl Leoni, 57, a member of his own *Acción Democrática* Party. Yet Leoni has lost his first political battle before he even begins, and Venezuela seems headed for trouble.

A Failure. One of the strengths of Betancourt's government, especially in the first years, was its partnership with the country's second-ranking COPEI, a middle-road Social Christian party that is ably led by Caracas Lawyer Rafael Caldera. In last December's elections, A.D. slipped to 33% of the vote (from 49% in 1958) while COPEI increased its share from 16% to 20%. But unlike Betancourt, Leoni and other A.D. leaders were in no hurry to bring Caldera into a new coalition. Jealous of COPEI's rapid growth, A.D. leaders offered Caldera's party only a few governorships and some minor Cabinet posts.

As the negotiations dragged on, Betancourt himself argued for a bigger role for COPEI. He arrived at a party meeting with a tape recorder. "I know what I'm going to say here now will prove historic," he said, and then proceeded to read the riot act. "My government would not have survived without COPEI's support. Yours will not either. So get that support." Then he left, promising to play back the tape at a future date.

A Last Try. The gesture was of no avail. Last week President-elect Leoni, a dull, unimaginative party politician, rejected Caldera's final offer for coalition. With that, Caldera announced that COPEI would now go into opposition, would pursue an independent course of "autonomy of action." Leoni scrambled among the other parties, tried to scrape up a tenuous four-party coalition that would give A.D. a majority in Congress. But few Venezuelans were willing to bet that any new coalition would last much beyond inauguration day.

BRITISH GUIANA

Terror in the Sugar Cane

Near British Guiana's capital of Georgetown last week, East Indian terrorists attacked sugar-cane cutters with acid bombs and rifles. In the capital, city officials decided against holding the customary public ceremony as Sir Richard Luyt, the colony's new British-appointed Governor, replaced Sir Ralph Grey, who is moving on to the Bahamas. To prevent riots, the swearing-in ceremony took place on a Georgetown wharf only a few feet from the Canadian ship that brought Sir Richard from Trinidad. Once again, the fuse was lit in British Guiana, and holding the match—as usual—was Marxist Premier Cheddi Jagan.

In 2½ years, as head of the self-governing South American colony, Jagan has developed into a curious combination of Castroite and racist, preaching Communism while leading some 290,000 East Indians against 330,000 anti-Jagan Negroes and whites split between two major parties. Full independence was expected this year or next. But last October, after eleven weeks of strikes and violence, Colonial Secretary Duncan Sandys indefinitely postponed complete freedom for the tiny, strife-torn land. Sandys ordered new elections by the end of 1964, and decreed that they would be held under proportional representation instead of the simple majority rule that Jagan prefers. Sandys' obvious hope is to encourage party coalitions, thus weakening Jagan's power. Jagan's response has been to cripple the country's economy and bring British Guiana to the verge of civil war.

Partly to force Britain to call off the election and partly to force sugar producers to recognize his two-year-old Guyana Agricultural Workers Union, Jagan sent his union out on strike at the beginning of February. Though the GAWU is smaller than the anti-Jagan Manpower Citizens Association, which speaks for 60% of the colony's 25,000 sugar workers, it makes up in terror what it lacks in size. Its men dynamited irrigation aqueducts, pay offices and watch posts on 41 cane properties, put thousands of acres of unharvested cane to the torch, and bombed 33 homes of anti-Jagan Negroes and East Indians. Gangs of strikers waged pitched battles with nonstriking workers, injuring more than 50.

Last week, as more and more sugar workers stayed home out of fear, only six of the colony's eleven sugar factories were still grinding, and those six were only operating part-time. If the strike goes on much longer, there will be no hope at all of producing the usual 300,000 to 400,000 tons of sugar that represent a large part of the colony's foreign exchange. "So far, our strike has been partial," said a Jagan union leader last week. "From now on, it is a general strike."



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MANUFACTURING AND SUPPLY UNIT OF THE BELL SYSTEM

PEOPLE

It was all a big joke, yuk, yuk. The boy needed a little publicity, and we were just giving him a hand. So said the three defendants who were accused of kidnaping **Frank Sinatra Jr.** Said the jury, after only 6 hrs. 53 min. of deliberation: guilty, guilty, guilty, guilty, guilty. Six counts for two, five for the other, and the judge was obviously prepared for the verdict. One of the kidnapers managed to wangle a delay in sentencing, but the other two got the book and the bibliography both: life imprisonment, plus 75 years. Yuk, yuk.

Critics cavil that not enough countries are represented at the New York World's Fair. Such critics, said **Robert Moses**, 75, offhandedly plucking a barb from the bulrushes, wonder why there is no exhibit from such as "the Sultan of Kuwait with his bottomless oil, Cadillacs, harems, heat, sand flies and camel dung." That kind of joke is as old as Moses, but tiny Kuwait was not amused. "Grossly unfactual references," said **Talal Al-Ghoussein**, Kuwait's Ambassador to the U.S., in a stiff note to the Fair president. Oil there is, to be sure. But as an educated man, Mr. Moses should know that "a) Kuwait does not have a sultan but an emir; b) the emir does not own Cadillacs; c) the emir does not have any harem, and d) Kuwait does not have sand flies and camel dung."

He, nervously: "What are you going to say?" She, coyly: "Well, you haven't written anything for me yet." He, muttering: "I can tell she's going to upstage me." And right he was. Rising at a dinner of Chicago's Notre Dame Club to accept their "Woman of the Year" award, **Dolores Hope** introduced her husband of 30 years: "Well, I've

CHICAGO'S AMERICAN



DOLORES & BOB HOPE
Between the cards and the idiot.



MUSIAL & CARDINALS
Up and down with the troops.

either got to use Bob's idiot cards or give you the idiot himself, Bob, you're on." The comic valiantly flip-quipped his way through 30 minutes (the one time he was angry with his wife: "The morning I came downstairs and found her sitting in my spotlight"), but the night belonged to Dolores. Said a telegram to the club from the Hopes' four adopted children: "Thank you for recognizing what we have known all along." Bob just beamed. "I feel like Prince Philip," he said.

Assessing the scientific problems facing the Johnson Administration, *International Science and Technology* was not overly inspired by President Johnson's new scientific adviser. "Donald Hornig of Princeton is a virtual stranger on the Washington scene," sniffed the monthly magazine. That's a dirty fib, piped up one who thought he ought to know. Said **Chris Hornig**, 10, in a fiery, pencil-written letter-to-the-editor: "In a past issue you said that Donald Hornig was a virtual stranger to Washington. My father has served for three Presidents, and is in Washington so much that by now he is a virtual stranger to me."

It was a little like poker. Mama Dodge, 93, opened with a \$10,441.289.42 suit against her late son's estate, claiming he owed her that much. And now Horace's widow, **Gregg Sherwood Dodge**, 40, says it's her deal, and she is raising the ante as well. But since Horace was worth only \$2,500,000, Gregg is going after her mother-in-law instead. Mama Dodge (worth \$65 million) did "wilfully and maliciously undertake" to destroy her son's fifth marriage, says Gregg, who wants \$11 million plus court costs and attorney fees for the way that undertaking made her Dodge dodge.

"Onto your bellies, legs straight, arms out from your sides. Now pick 'em up. And down. And up. And down. And up. Hold 'em up there. Hold 'em. Hold 'em. Hold 'em. And down." That sort

of regimen is for the boys trying to make the squad, but the St. Louis Cardinals' newest vice president thought it would be good to get down in the dirt with the troops at the St. Petersburg, Fla., training camp. Besides, **Stanley Frank Musial**, 43, is President Johnson's physical-fitness director. He has an image to maintain. He hasn't varied ten pounds in weight since he started in major-league baseball 26 years ago.

Seventy years ago Konrad Adenauer went to the head of the class, and he has stayed there ever since. Of the 29 Adenauers descended from the sly old political fox, none has scored so well in high school as *did der Alte*. None, that is, until **Konrad Adenauer III**, 19. On the German grade scale, which runs from 1 down to 6, Grandfather Konrad scored a 1 in singing, a 3 in sports and a 2 in everything else. That rates as "outstanding." But the eldest son of his eldest son racked up an astounding 1 in all subjects except sports. And even there he beat out his forebear, with a 2-to-3. All that is hard enough to take, but the dethroned family brain may also find his speechmaking outdone. Konrad III is class valedictorian.

Ill lay: General of the Army **Douglas MacArthur**, 84, in Washington, D.C.'s Walter Reed Army Hospital after removal of his gall bladder, which was not cancerous as feared; **Jazzman Louis Armstrong**, 63, in Manhattan's Beth Israel Hospital for treatment of phlebitis of the left leg; **Journalist-Author Randolph Churchill**, 52, who is currently editing his father's papers, in London's Brompton Hospital to have an exploratory operation on his left lung; Longtime L.B.J. Aide **George Reedy**, 46, in Washington, D.C.'s Doctors Hospital to lose some of his 250 lbs. to offset an abuilding gall-bladder condition. So far he has lost 20, but one day he gained a half-pound reading a book called *The Great Hunger*. Said he: "Learning about how my ancestors fared during the Irish potato famine made my thousand calories seem big."

THE PRESS

NEWSPAPERS

Resurrection in Portland

A little girl emptied her piggy bank in the news room: \$9.13. The Centenary Wilbur Methodist Church deposited a tithe of its Sunday collection—and when that added up to only \$8, the ushers made it an even \$10. The state headquarters of the Oregon Democratic Party sent a check for \$1,000, and the Sisters of St. Mary telephoned to say that they had nothing to give but a prayer. It all seemed that sentimental last week when the Portland Reporter (TIME, March 6) struggled back to life after running its own obituary.

The resurrection of the Reporter, a union tabloid born during Portland's 1959 newspaper strike and dedicated to mortal battle with the city's other two dailies, the Journal and the Oregonian, brought with it a new masthead slogan: "Portland's Own Newspaper." But while the public response was encouraging—circulation increased by at least 2,000 new subscriptions—there was more to it than sentiment. Unnamed business interests contributed \$50,000 in the form of loans. But for all that, the Reporter's renewed lease on life is short-term. The \$100,000, said Publisher Robert Webb, will keep the paper going only through May.

Older Than the Country

The news from Boston was sketchy and unconfirmed. Still, no newspaper that took pride in its independence could ignore it. So the Connecticut Courant, in Hartford, boldly displayed the item: "We hear from Boston that last Thursday evening, between 300 and 400 Boxes of the celebrated East India TEA, by some ACCIDENT! which happened in an attempt to get it on Shore, fell overboard—That the Boxes burst open and

the Tea was swallowed up by the vast Abyss!"

When that historical incident from America's past appeared in the Courant in the issue of Dec. 21, 1773, the paper was already a veteran of nine years. It had staked a proud and exclusive claim to a title that it still holds. This year the Hartford Courant observes its 200th anniversary, a chronological fact that makes it the oldest newspaper in the U.S.—an institution some twelve years senior to the nation itself.

Forms for Lease. Today, American schoolchildren commit to memory the names, dates and events that the Courant once committed to print. In 1765 the paper published a wrathful editorial ("The most arbitrary monarchs in the universe") and suspended publication for five weeks to protest the Stamp Act just enforced by England. Thomas Paine's revolutionary tracts were carried in full in the Courant; so was the Declaration of Independence—on an inside page, and under the mildest of headlines: A DECLARATION BY THE REPRESENTATIVES OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

George Washington was not only the subject of Courant stories, he was a reader and advertiser. On March 14, 1796, he bought half a page in the paper to offer some of his Virginia farm land for lease to "real farmers of good reputation, and none others need apply." Thomas Jefferson sued the paper for libel after an 1806 Courant accusation that he had secretly bribed France to win its support. He lost his case in the U.S. Supreme Court.

The Courant's founder, a traveling

* A title contested, with considerable spirit and flimsy documentation, by the Philadelphia Inquirer, which can trace its ancestry back to 1829—or 65 years after the Courant's birth.

printer named Thomas Green, piloted his paper for only three years. Then he rejoined a brother in New Haven, surrendering command of the Courant to Ebenezer Watson, one of his own printers. Young Watson enlisted the Courant in the cause of independence, but he did not live to see the dream come true or his paper prosper. Smallpox killed him during the Revolutionary War, leaving his young widow Hannah, mother of five, to manage the shop. She managed well. In 1778, when the Courant's paper mill burned to the ground, Hannah talked the Connecticut general assembly into sponsoring a statewide lottery, and from the proceeds (\$31,000) she was given \$5,000 to rebuild the mill.

The Courant continued to prosper, but in a diminishing corner of a rapidly expanding national map. As soon as the Republican Party was founded in 1854, the Courant joined it, and has never left. The paper has since broken ranks to endorse only one Democrat for any office. It urged Hartford to elect Thomas Spellacy for mayor in 1935. The Courant's influence in its own bailiwick can be measured by the fact that Spellacy was elected.

Satisfied. Hartford and Connecticut now describe the horizon of a paper that in another century made compulsory reading for U.S. Presidents. Its causes have come to be on the parochial side. Where once it opposed women's suffrage, direct election of U.S. Senators and Franklin D. Roosevelt, now it fights for fluoridation and the council-manager plan. Where once it championed the right of the American colonies to be free, today it opposes the right of a Hartford movie theater to eject the Courant's movie critic.

Wire services and syndicated columnists are relied on to report what goes on outside Connecticut. But in its own yard, the Courant can't be beat. In Wilimantic, Old Saybrook, Simsbury and other familiar towns, the paper keeps up an industrious network of 13 bureaus, 25 staffers and more than 100 correspondents. One of the more dependable of these, Alice ("Clover") Pinney, retired only last year after 54 straight years of covering Farmington, Conn., during which time she never missed a single fire.

No More Revolutions. The Courant's present publisher, John R. Reitemeyer, 65, joined the paper as a part-time reporter in 1921, worked his patient way to the top by 1947, and has since addressed himself to the task of overtaking the afternoon competition, the Hartford Times.

A mere 147 years old, the Times is a Democratic daily in a Democratic city. It has led the Courant in circulation for 40 years, but the gap is closing again; circulation now is 128,500 to 124,000. In Reitemeyer's careful stewardship, the Courant is not likely to play a role in any more revolutions. It seems satisfied to remain the best paper in Hartford, Conn., and the oldest paper in the U.S.

TO BE LET,

And Possession given in Autumn.

The farms adjoining to the Mount Vernon Estate, in Virginia; four in number; adjoining the Mansion house farm. Lessee will be given for the term of fourteen years to real farmers of good reputation and none others need apply.

THE largest of these, called River farm, contains 1207 acres of ploughable land; 279 of which are in seven fields, nearly of a size, and under good fences; 212 acres (in one inclosure) are, generally, in a common grass pasture; and 116 acres more, are in five yards lots and an orchard (of the best grafted fruit) all of them contiguous to the dwelling house and barn. On the premises, are a comfortable dwelling house (in which the Overlooker resides) having three rooms below, and one or two above; an old barn (new in use) and a brick one building 60 by 30 feet, besides wells and wings, sufficient for raising 20 working horses, and as many oxen; and an excel-



PHILIP ACCARDI

COURANT'S REITEMEYER

WASHINGTON'S AD

The Declaration of Independence ran inside.



EDITOR NAVASKY



COVER

Mother cried at the wedding.

MAGAZINES

Satire Through a Cocked Eye

Satire is what closes Saturday night.

—George S. Kaufman

Some months ago, during one of his periodic fund-raising drives for *Monocle*, a quarterly magazine of political satire, Editor Victor Navasky, 31, put the arm on Playwright George (*The Seven Year Itch*) Axelrod in Hollywood. Axelrod allowed that he could comfortably spare \$12,000 for the cause, but he refused to part with anything but advice. "Satirists should starve," said he. In seven years of publishing *Monocle*, Editor Navasky has learned that starving is just about all contemporary satirists can do.

Only Navasky's conviction that the U.S. needs a political-satire magazine has sustained *Monocle* this long. But Navasky's faith appears to be ebulliently obstacle-proof. In 1962, with the magazine at death's door as usual, Navasky launched *The Outsider's Newsletter*, a weekly compendium of fanciful news items (POLICE DOG MADE HONORARY MISSISSIPPI CITIZEN) that loses more than its parent does. Just this week *Monocle's* editor announced a plan that should significantly enlarge the annual deficit. From now on, said Navasky, *Monocle* will reach its 20,000 paid readers every other month.

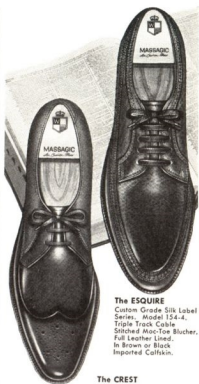
Beyond the Pages. As satire, *Monocle* falls somewhat short of Jonathan Swift—who may have been the last satirist to make a decent living. But Swift and *Monocle* chose the same targets: politics, pettifoggery and government. "I haven't checked these figures," began *Monocle's* Gettysburg Address as it might have been written by Dwight Eisenhower, "but 87 years ago, I think it

was, a number of individuals organized a governmental setup here in this country. I don't like to appear to take sides."

"Mother cried at the wedding," read a *Monocle* entry in "The Diary of Happy Rockefeller." "A man in the back pew sobbed too. I found out later he was Thruston Morton." When Astronaut John Glenn announced for the U.S. Senate, *Monocle* proposed "the John Glenn Foundation, devoted to subsidizing needy amateurs who want to start at the top in an unfamiliar profession." Now and then a *Monocle* crusade moves beyond the pages of the magazine. In New Hampshire's presidential primary this week, Republicans may choose, if they like, *Monocle* Staffer Marvin Kitman, who managed to get on the ballot. One of Kitman's campaign statements: "I am twice as Jewish as Goldwater."

Practical Education. Navasky was a Yale law student in 1957, when *Monocle* was born. The first issue sold briskly on campus, encouraging the fledgling editor to abandon the law and move to New York. Since then, Navasky has had a practical education in the hazards of publishing. One prospectus, he says, was printed on paper stolen from another magazine. *Monocle* has gone begging three times, with growing effect. Last year it raised \$75,000 from such unlikely sources as a Manhattan banker, a provident Harvard professor and Mrs. Marshall Field.

Monocle's near-total dependence on philanthropy deters neither Editor Navasky nor his underpaid editorial staff of four. "We're only losing money according to schedule," said Navasky cheerfully last week. "Some people say contemporary life is too grim to satirize. Others say it is too absurd to satirize. I say it is too grim and absurd not to try."



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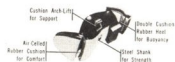
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PRITCHARD WITH DAGGER



STONE STAIRWAY TO WATER

Thousands of years of civilization before Abraham?

ARCHAEOLOGY

The City of Solomon's Cauldrons

In the Biblical land of Gilead, on the east side of the Jordan River, stands a flat-topped mound 140 ft. high called Tell es-Sa'idiyeh, the "Hill of Women of the Sa'id Tribe." Its surface is thinly littered with pottery fragments, and a sharp eye can pick out traces of ancient walls. Archaeologists have long suspected that the place has a formidable history, but they could do little more than guess until famed Digger James B. Pritchard of the University of Pennsylvania started exploring there two months ago. Pritchard hit pay dirt so fast that he has hardly caught up with himself. He now suspects that in Biblical times the Jordan Valley was the richest and most civilized part of Palestine. The oldest city on the site of Tell es-Sa'idiyeh may have been thousands of years old when Abraham first drove his flocks into the land of Canaan.

Burned City. After mobilizing 130 Arab laborers from nearby villages, Dr. Pritchard sank 30 pits at the northwest part of the mound. The much-eroded surface layer was probably the remains of the last city to occupy the mound, apparently abandoned about 700 B.C. A few feet below the surface were the floors, streets and wall-footings of an older city that was destroyed by fire. Grey wood ash was everywhere, sometimes mixed with charred beams and mud from fallen roofs.

One building must have been full of combustible material; the fire inside got so hot that it baked the clay walls into reddish brick. A line of 72 loom weights in one corner made Dr. Pritchard suspect that the structure was a primitive textile factory full of inflammable weaving materials. When his diggers removed the dirt near by, they found the regular

streets of a carefully planned city with a community bakery. The dwellings had mud-brick walls and central columns to support the wooden roof beams. Mixed in the debris were many homely objects of ancient daily life—bowls, flasks, cooking pots, primitive safety pins, figurines, cosmetic palettes.

Dr. Pritchard thinks that the city that burned was probably Zarethan, which is mentioned in the Bible as the place where the great bronze cauldrons for Solomon's temple were cast. From potsherds found on the surface two decades ago, Archaeologist Nelson Glueck had already deduced that Tell es-Sa'idiyeh would prove to be Zarethan, but other experts thought it an unlikely place for bronze casting. The nearest copper mines of the time were south of the Dead Sea. Dr. Pritchard weakened this argument by digging up quantities of bronze, including a heavy cast cauldron with a jug and strainer. A bronze-founding industry may have grown up because of plentiful firewood in the nearby mountains. If the city was really Zarethan, its destruction by fire can readily be explained. An inscription on Egypt's Great Temple of Ammon at Karnak tells how Pharaoh Sheshonk I ravaged this part of Palestine a few years after Solomon's death.

Secret Tunnel. Dr. Pritchard thinks that Zarethan was a city of Canaanites who were ruled by the Hebrews in Jerusalem, but he is also convinced that its site was inhabited long before the Hebrew invasion. For one thing, it had plenty of water, a rarity in the Jordan Valley. After spotting springs that still flow from the foot of the mound, Dr. Pritchard knew by experience what to look for next. Leading down the side

of the mound he uncovered 86 stone steps of a staircase with walls on either side and another in the center. Before erosion destroyed its upper parts, this was a secret tunnel for getting water when the city was under siege.

Below the thriving city of Solomon's time (961-922 B.C.) lie many earlier cities. While probing in a slightly lower part of the mound, Dr. Pritchard stumbled by accident upon his most spectacular find: a mud-walled tomb with the skeleton of a woman of high station, perhaps a local queen. She lay with rich grave goods still around her—500 beads of carnelian and 75 of gold, silver pins, a silver chain, four ivory boxes, an ivory spoon with a human head carved on it, and many objects of bronze and pottery. She must have died about 1200 B.C., not long after Joshua stormed the Promised Land.

With summer approaching in the worse-than-tropical Jordan Valley 750 ft. below sea level, Dr. Pritchard went home to Philadelphia to plan next season's dig. He is sure that the Hill of the Sa'id Women is entirely man-made, and he longs to get to the bottom of it. Perhaps when he has cut through city after city, he will turn up a neolithic village as old as Jericho on the other side of the Jordan, which now ranks as the oldest town on earth.

ZOOLOGY

Outlets for Troutlets

To Biologist Yuktika Kanayama of Tokyo's Hosei University, the shimmering beauty of live rainbow trout is something to stir the scientific imagination. It pained Kanayama to think that most of the rainbow infants raised in Japan's hatcheries are no sooner released in a river than they are gobbled up by bigger fish, including their own elders. He



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And this great highway performer looks the part it plays so well. A glance at its all-vinyl interior will tell you that. Those inviting bucket seats are made of ultra-soft foam cushioning. The door-to-door carpeting is so thick you can feel it

through your shoes. There's your choice of either the floor-mounted Powerglide or Four-Speed Synchro-Mesh transmission. Both are optional at extra cost, as is a Positraction rear axle, simulated wire wheel covers and many other sporty accessories.

And for all its new power, Chevy II rides so smoothly it seems to glide along the highway. That's because it has independent coil springs in the front and Mono-Plate single-leaf springs in the rear. Its unitized well-insulated Body by Fisher cuts road noise down to a whisper.

With all this Super Sport has going for it, it's no surprise your Chevrolet dealer is anxious to show you its price tag. Because that's the only thing about it that *isn't* super. . . . Chevrolet Division of General Motors, Detroit, Michigan.

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THE GREAT HIGHWAY PERFORMERS

decided to send rainbow babies to survival school.

Aided by a small grant from Japan's Fisheries Resources Conservation Society, he assembled a classroom for baby trout. In the center of a glass tank 10 in. in diameter, he hung a 3 in. ring of bare wire with six short wires dangling from it. Inside the ring swam a 2½-in. "fish" cut from a tin can. The ring and fish were charged with electricity of opposite polarity, thus creating a mild electric field inside the ring.

For Their Own Good. Hatchery-innocent rainbow troutlets, less than an inch long, were plopped into the classroom. With the current turned off, they swam about at random, brushing the wires and the tin fish. But when Kanayama switched on the current, they darted all over the tank, desperate to avoid the harmless but painful shock. "I never felt guilty for doing this," says Kanayama fondly. "It was all for their own good."

Little by little, each class of troutlets learned to stay as far as possible from the tin fish hanging inside the ring. It took about two weeks to train a class so completely that none of them ever risked an electric shock. Then Kanayama held a graduation exercise. He put his pupils in one half of a tank divided by a wire screen through which they could swim easily. On the other side was a grown rainbow trout too big to pass through the screen's meshes. Untutored troutlets wandered guilelessly through the screen and were swallowed by the big fish, but Kanayama's conditioned babies made no such mistake. They associated painful shocks with the tin fish, and they associated the tin fish with the large live trout. They stayed on the safe side of the screen—and survived.

River Test. Kanayama plans to hold his next test in the Chitose River on Hokkaido Island. He will release educated baby trout, marked so that they can be recognized, in a stretch of water stocked with hungry and cannibalistic grown-up fish. Marked, unschooled babies will be released also. After a suitable interval, the young trout will be netted to see whether the educated ones have survived better than their unshocked cousins.

Kanayama is sure that his pupils will pass the test, and he hopes to build a mass-education plant: a channel with a long series of electrified tin fish. Small trout passing through it will get scare after scare and emerge fully trained for life in a dangerous river. But the biologist is still bothered. Why should successful students grow to bright-colored maturity only to be caught on an angler's hook? "I have become so fond of the lovely rainbow trout," he says with a tender smile, "that I may start another project to teach them to stay away from hooks. It should be easy enough. Rainbow trout are really smart."

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THE LAW

THE CONSTITUTION

Private, But Public

Even before the looming Senate battle over the civil rights bill begins, the U.S. Supreme Court has settled a part of the argument simply by saying no. One section of the House-passed bill would nullify all statutory provisions that authorize federal aid to segregated institutions. Last week the Supreme Court refused to review a Court of Appeals decision striking down just such a provision.

The Supreme Court insists that refusal to review a lower-court ruling cannot be taken to imply approval of it, but when the Supreme Court lets stand a decision declaring that a section of an act of Congress is unconstitutional, many judges and lawyers make the obvious interpretation.

Enough Involvement. The case that the court refused to consider involved a part of the 1946 Hill-Burton Act which set up a continuing program of federal grants to states for construction, renovation and equipping of hospitals. Under Hill-Burton, hospitals that exclude or segregate Negroes are eligible to receive aid as long as facilities "of like quality" are available for Negro patients.

At the time Hill-Burton was enacted, the Supreme Court had not yet struck down the old separate-but-equal doctrine, which permitted state and local governments to practice segregation. But once the Supreme Court declared separate-but-equal education unconstitutional in 1954, lower courts began to order desegregation of parks, playgrounds and other public facilities. Hill-Burton's explicit permission of segregation was out of date, and in 1962 a group of North Carolina Negroes

brought a federal suit claiming that it violated the Constitution. Defendants in the suit: two Negro-excluding hospitals that had received Hill-Burton funds. The Justice Department intervened on the side of the Negroes and filed a brief supporting their suit—one of the very few times the department had ever challenged the constitutionality of an act of Congress.

The Negroes lost the first round: the federal district court in Greensboro ruled that the two hospitals were private organizations, and it is established law that the Constitution does not forbid private discrimination in the absence of state action. But last November the U.S. Court of Appeals overruled the district court. The majority opinion, written by Chief Judge Simon E. Sobeloff, held that since the hospitals received public funds, and since some of the trustees were appointed by the state, there was enough "state participation and involvement" to bring the hospitals under the Constitution's commands against segregation.

Entering Wedge. The N.A.A.C.P. Legal Defense and Educational Fund, which saw the case through the courts, hailed the Supreme Court's refusal to review as a victory, jubilantly declared that the Court of Appeals decision would "affect 2,000 hospitals and medical facilities throughout the South." As the N.A.A.C.P. sees it, hospitals receiving Hill-Burton aid must now open their doors not only to Negro patients but also to Negro doctors. And that, said an N.A.A.C.P. spokesman, "will be an entering wedge for Negro physicians into the mainstream of medical practice in the South."



FINDER DAVID MORRIS WITH HIS MOTHER & \$21,259
Everybody wants a lien on the loot.

PROPERTY

Keep or Weep?

As David Morris, 16, of Cuyahoga Falls, Ohio, leaned over a low shelf in his bedroom closet, a ring slipped off his finger and rolled into a crack near a loose board. Casually, David yanked up the board, retrieved the ring—and spotted a dusty, brown paperboard suitcase. The youngster opened it and discovered that it was crammed with money. Clutching fistfuls of bills, David raced to his mother's room. Mrs. Harriet Morris, who at that moment had \$1.35 in her pocketbook, \$1 in a savings account and \$2 in a checking account, called the police. The cops stacked the old bills into a pile totaling \$21,259.

Treasure-Trove. Under the law, Mrs. Morris has a clear obligation to report her son's haul. And it was far from clear last week that the Morrisses will be allowed to keep the cash. The "finders keepers, losers weepers" rule of thumb dates back to a celebrated case in 1722 when a British court held that a chimney sweep could keep a jewel he had found in a sooty flue. But over the years, specific exceptions to the old saying have been spelled out in an effort to clarify conflicts over accidentally discovered loot. Though practices vary widely, the legal distinctions are based mainly on the way the article was lost and on where it was found.

According to most state laws, unidentified lost valuables become the property of the finder unless the actual owner can prove his case within a specified length of time. In a separate category are "misplaced" riches—money or valuables that have been intentionally



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stashed away and then forgotten. The majority of states have ruled that these belong to the owner of the property on which they are discovered.

The legendary "treasure-trove" is in a class by itself. Originally limited to gold, silver and gems, it has been broadened by modern law to include paper money. An authentic treasure-trove must be buried beneath the earth by a person intending to come back and dig it up—Jean Lafitte, say, or Henry Morgan. If the original owner never reappears, the treasure belongs to the finder even if the cache is unearthed on someone else's property. If the treasure is dug up on federal land, the authorities take it all.

Uncle Joe, since Mrs. Morris' find was made above ground on private property, the Government does not challenge her claim. But there is no shortage of disputants. Her landlord, Thomas Locascio, maintains that he owns the money, since it was with the \$7,000, five-room frame house when he bought it from Nunzio Calcagno in 1962. Calcagno, who now lives in California, has filed a suit claiming that the cash belongs to him; tucked among the bills were envelopes bearing the name of his dead uncle Joseph. Arguing that the money was only misplaced, not lost, Calcagno said that Uncle Joe on his deathbed warned against selling the building because "the house is rich." Summit County has slapped a lien on the loot, claiming that Uncle Joe—whatever his true worth—had received \$175 in county welfare payments.

Mrs. Morris may have to wait months along with the other claimants, before the courts decide who shall keep, who shall weep. At the moment, though, she is slightly richer from David's discovery. Mrs. Morris found a dime in the back of the police car that took her home after the cops had deposited the \$21,259. They let her keep it.

STATUTES

Wedding Knells

The Malpasset Dam, which broke on Dec. 2, 1959, nearly wiped out the French town of Fréjus and drowned more than 400 people. Among the dead was a young man named André Capra. Among the living was his *excellente* fiancée, Irène Jodart. "I shall marry him anyway!" proclaimed Irène.

Within a month, she was legally able to do just that. Had interested President de Gaulle in her plight, the press had rallied to her cause, and the National Assembly had passed a unique law allowing the President of the Republic to "authorize the celebration" of post-mortem marriages.

The law is, perhaps, an inevitable extension of the long-established French practice of proxy marriage. Napoleon used the Archduke Charles in Vienna as his stand-in at the altar with Marie Louise of Austria, while the Emperor stayed comfortably in Paris. And proxy marriages between soldiers and their girls



MME. CAPRA & CHILD
The celebration was posthumous.

back home became common in World War I. But during the Indo-China war a decade ago, when it sometimes took weeks for news of a soldier's death in the jungles to reach Paris, brides often discovered that they had been married by proxy to men already killed. Was such a woman legally a bereaved widow or sorrow-stricken mistress? The Malpasset Dam disaster stirred public demand for a legal solution.

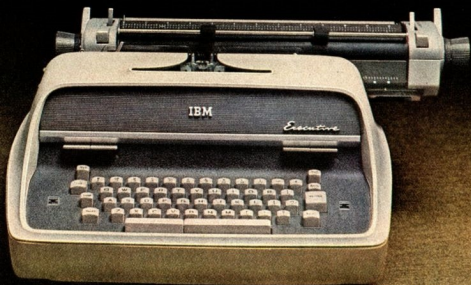
That solution may not be quite as outlandish as one French lawyer claimed: "Juridical nonsense! The French Assembly can now raise the dead." The aim of the law is simply to legitimize any children the woman may have and get her any possible pension; the ceremony gives her no new inheritance rights. But bizarre results are piling up:

► Five women married lovers lost in World War I; several of these have children now over 50.

► One woman married a man who had been killed when his motorcycle collided with a horse. A French higher court of appeals ruled last month that the woman can now collect damages from the farmer who owns the horse.

► One woman was married to a living husband when a ceremony was performed that made her the legal widow of a long-dead soldier.

One out of every four applicants for a posthumous marriage is turned down, for the law requires that the man must have proved his consent "unequivocally," by posting of the banns at the local town hall, say, or written permission from a soldier's commanding officer. Simple pregnancy is not enough. "Trouble is," says one high Justice Ministry official, "many a woman comes to us brandishing just a letter from her dead fiancé, promising to marry her. That won't do it, legally. Think of all the Frenchmen who write such promises to three or four mistresses."



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Afternoon in a paper mill woodyard—Photo by Charles Van Maanen

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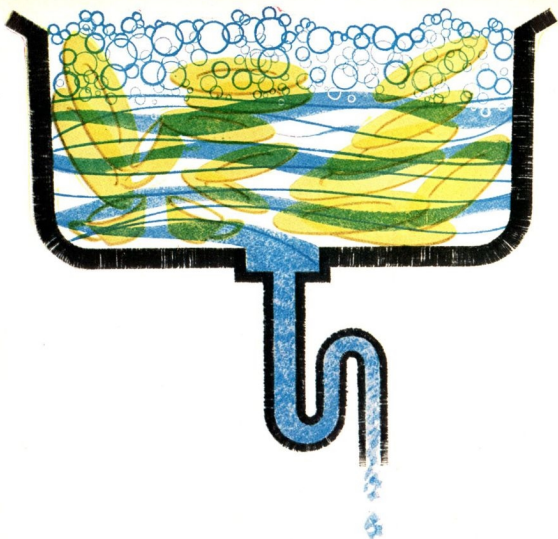
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MUSIC

OPERA

Crusade Against Boredom

With Leonard Bernstein and Franco Zeffirelli making their Metropolitan Opera debut together in a new production of Verdi's *Falstaff*, the Met was sure of a sensation. What kind of sensation was a different matter. Bernstein, never one to conceal any possible hidden talents, had not conducted in a major opera house in nine years. Zeffirelli, whose last crack at New York was a disastrous Broadway flop (*The Lady of the Camellias*), had signed on as director, set designer and costumer in a house

generation," the 38-year-old Zeffirelli would say, "and we see things in the same light." That meant seeing *Falstaff*, quite uniquely, as a tragedy—an expression of absurdity, an old man's revenge. "This is Verdi's monument to the ungencosity of people," said Zeffirelli of Verdi's last opera and his only comedy. "It really isn't funny."

Coming from Zeffirelli, such talk is not to be taken lightly. He turned Romeo and Juliet into reckless, bopping teen-agers for the Old Vic three years ago, and Rome is still absorbed in his beat vision of Hamlet: "To be or not to be—what the hell?" says Zeffirelli's

matchless outside the movies. "I've spent the ten best years of my life doing opera," he says wearily, "and now I will do it only for special events. I'll concentrate more on the theater. If I have flops, I won't regret them. The size of a man is known by the size of his flops. And it is the fear of flops that haunts and paralyzes the American stage."

Two Fine Glorias

Conductor Nino Sanzogni explained to his cast at Milan's Piccola Scala that the Italian premiere of Kurt Weill's *Mahagonny* would have to include some English lyrics: the bitter logic of Bertolt Brecht's libretto demands them. The cast did its best with a baffling array



ZEFFIRELLI



FALSTAFF & THE MERRY WIVES
A tragedy, an absurdity, an old man's revenge.



BERNSTEIN

where all three jobs are notoriously difficult. But when the curtains parted last week, it was clear that the Met's rare moment of daring had been amply rewarded: *Falstaff* was a triumph.

From the opening horseplay in the Fat Knight's lodge to the final tableau in praise of folly, the operatic version of Shakespeare's *Merry Wives of Windsor* was precisely what the Met needed to dignify an otherwise dolorous season. Zeffirelli's sets were like Dutch paintings come to life: an ancient inn cured in ale and laughter, a courtyard full of gossip and sunshine, a forest too deep for the eye to penetrate. His cast moved briskly and well, as if every gesture had been choreographed, and his stage direction was so good that the singers (Gabriella Tucci, Judith Raskin, Regina Resnik, Anselmo Colzani) all seemed to be excellent actors as well.

Gold Dust Twins. Bernstein had the very touch Zeffirelli needed to complete a chef-d'oeuvre: under his baton, Verdi's wit and whimsy seemed ironic and sharp. He brought modern accents and strong colors to the aerial delicacy of Verdi's score, and drove the Met's orchestra at a pace that left the superb cast flushed and breathless.

Bernstein and Zeffirelli got along like Gold Dust twins. "We are of the same

sulky prince (TIME, Dec. 27). And *Falstaff* turned out to be the perfect candidate for the young director's fine Italian hand. Falstaff's metamorphosis from boozy squire to oily seducer to triumphant rube is a fine argument in favor of the Fat Knight's philosophy: if the world can't see me as I am, then to hell with the world.

Fear of Flops. Zeffirelli had planned to match Verdi's canny humor by having all the scenery jerked away in the opera's final moment while the cast tore off their wigs and pointed mocking fingers at the audience. "This is a very disturbing opera, and you should be reminded at the end that it is disturbing," he argued. "Everything is a big joke! You've all been cheated!" But Met Manager Rudolf Bing didn't get it—he figured it would look like a grotesque error by the boys backstage. So he spared his audience what might have been a stunning experience.

Such artistic daring has been the prime reason for Zeffirelli's top rank among opera directors. "We must make a crusade against boredom in the opera," he says, and in the past he has done so with a flourish and grandeur

of polyglot lines ("Good morning, caro Signor Jack O'Brien!"), but when it came to singing "Worst of all, Benares is said to have been perished by an earthquake," the chorus sensibly deflected. "*Guarda qua Benares, è state messa giù da un terremoto*," sang the mutineers, leaving American Mezzo Gloria Lane to go it alone in English.

But such linguistic collisions did not deter a genteel, bejeweled audience from giving *Mahagonny* a 30-minute ovation, despite the opera's fiercely stated argument that all wealth is wicked. "Rich Italians now consider it very smart and refined to like Brecht and Weill," one critic humped, and another suggested that all the fat cats clapped only to confuse spies from the tax collector's office. But the curtain calls had nothing to do with socialist realism. Instead, they were a tribute to Gloria Davy and Gloria Lane, two American singers who made *Mahagonny* a triumph in any tongue. "A fine pair of Glorias," said Corriere Della Sera's man, giving Lane, at least, new reason to ponder her expatriate career. "Every two-bit American singer who has appeared in Europe has been engaged by the Met," she said. "I have a voice, experience, a reputation, and I'm a Jew. What more do they want?"

* Mercifully excepting a youthful fiasco called *Un Giorno di Regno*.

RELIGION

CHURCHES

Ecumenism

Christian unity can be achieved only if it "takes root in the local communities," says Bishop Reuben H. Mueller, the new president of the National Council of Churches. The roots are already sprouting. Ecumenism—until recently the private dream of theologians and the occasional public practice of ranking clergymen—has become a spirit-changing factor in the church life of every U.S. community. Every day more laymen join in a dialogue once reserved for ministers, and as one Washington, D.C., pastor puts it, "some of the best discussions take place in car pools and Laundromats."

The example of Pope John XXIII and the presence of Protestant observ-

ant Theologian Jaroslav Pelikan is a regular columnist for Denver's Catholic diocesan weekly, the Register. Last week Pittsburgh's Catholic Duquesne University Press published a new *Journal of Ecumenical Studies*; the editors include Brown, Catholic Theologians Hans Küng and Gregory Baum, Lutheran George Lindbeck.

Relaxing Tension. Trickling down to congregational level, ecumenism has notably relaxed sociological tension, created a national fad for visits to other people's churches. In Pittsburgh, estimates the Rev. Donald Prytherch of Bethel United Presbyterian Church, at least one-third of all Protestant sermons now make reference to Christian unity. "This simply couldn't have happened five years ago," he says. Kansas City's Country Club Christian Church has invited pastors from 31 different denominations to speak from its pulpit.

Christian ecumenism also spills over to include Jews: one recent Lenten speaker at the Kansas City church was Rabbi Alexander Graubart of Congregation Beth Shalom; Jewish and Protestant scholars lecture at an eight-week Catholic Bible course in Tulsa, and Hebrew Union College in Cincinnati has 25 Christian students working for graduate degrees.

Exchanging Collections. Interfaith ministerial conferences that meet regularly have sprung up all across the country. A number of Catholic institutions have organized summer retreats for Protestant ministers. Several churches have adopted Swiss Lutheran Theologian Oscar Cullman's proposal to exchange Sunday collections. In San Francisco recently, Sacred Heart High School gave a love offering for the poor to a nearby Lutheran church. The pastor responded by setting up an award for the outstanding student at Sacred Heart.

The pursuit of common understanding has led to common ecclesiastical action, notably in the fields of youth work and civil rights. In Chicago, the year-old interfaith Conference on Religion and Race has trained teams of ministers to help resolve tensions in racially mixed areas; it plans to put pressure on banks to use church funds only for projects that foster integration, such as segregated housing. This fall, 20,000 Catholic, Protestant and Jewish laymen in Houston will cooperate on a city-wide church census. Mutual concern for backsliders has tempered ecclesiastical competition somewhat. Undermanned Catholic dioceses in the Southwest no longer complain when Protestant missions minister to Mexican-Americans who may be Catholic by birth and baptism but not by any demonstrated devotion. Many local councils of churches are now planning carefully to avoid the organization of new Protestant congregations in small

communities that can barely support the ones they already have.

The Need for Roots. Protestant fundamentalists—notably the Southern Baptists—are generally wary of the ecumenical trend; so are many conservative Catholics, who fear that the dream of unity can lead to "religious indifferentism." Beyond sectarianism, there are real problems of reconciling divergent views on such fundamental doctrinal issues as the role of bishops in the church and the meaning of the Lord's Supper. "Unless we impose some deep theological roots to the movement," warns the Rev. Charles von Euw of Cardinal Cushing's archdiocesan ecumenical committee, "there is a danger that it will become nothing more than handshaking, backslapping social get-togethers."

Yet even churchmen who do not want, or foresee, the ultimate creation of one great Christian church believe that the ecumenical tide cannot be stemmed, nor should it be. "What it really amounts to," says one Catholic priest in Pittsburgh, "is a diminution of suspicion and an acceleration of good will. We simply aren't fighting each other any more."

ATHEISM

From Russia, Without Love

The Soviet government, certain that religion is the opium of the people, has always tried hard to help its citizens kick the habit. Last week Pravda announced that the Communist Party had undertaken a grand new program to excise God from the minds and the hearts of all Russians.

The plan, drawn up by the party's Ideological Commission, is perhaps the most thorough in Soviet history. The commission will set up a new Institute of Scientific Atheism, offer courses in the subject at Russian universities starting this fall. Atheism will be taught more intensively at party training centers and in special courses for teachers, doctors and journalists. Already started are competitions for the best atheist plays, films, paintings and photographs (one entry shows believers gloating over a collection plate). To counteract the emotional appeal of church feasts, the party will give greater emphasis to Russia's secular festivals—such as Cattle Breeder Day and Corn Grower Day, now celebrated joyously throughout the Ukraine.

If atheism is to succeed, warned Commission Chairman Leonid Ilyichev, non-believers must embark on a person-to-person campaign—"more heart-to-heart talks, frank explanations and patient conversations." He suggested the formation of Young Atheist clubs, whose members could enter into anti-religious dialogues with believers, such as warning pregnant women about the physical dangers involved in baptism and circumcision.

The new campaign emphasized that

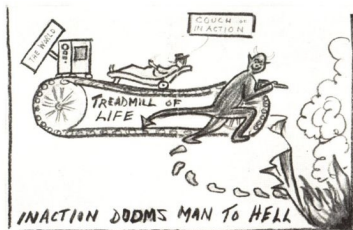


CARDINAL CUSHING & EPISCOPAL RECTOR

An acceleration of good will.

ers at the Vatican Council have dramatically changed the attitude of U.S. Roman Catholics toward men of other faiths. Boston Irish are no longer surprised when Richard Cardinal Cushing kneels in prayer in an Episcopal church. For the first time since he became Archbishop of New York, Francis Cardinal Spellman attended a Protestant funeral last week. The service was for Mrs. Robert F. Wagner, the Presbyterian wife of the city's Catholic mayor; the Cardinal also authorized her burial in a Catholic cemetery. The Episcopal Bishop of Colorado has spoken at a Knights of Columbus Mass in Pueblo, and last month Los Angeles' sternly conservative James Cardinal McIntyre astounded most of his flock by agreeing to address an Episcopal women's luncheon meeting.

Religious barriers hardly exist any more in church publishing. Presbyterian Theologian Robert McAfee Brown of Stanford writes for the lay-edited Catholic weekly *Commonweal*, and Luther-



CURSILLISTA DRAWING ON HUMAN LAZINESS
Getting ready for the fourth day.

the Soviet drive against God has been hardly more successful than Khrushchev's farm program. It is 46 years since the revolution, and yet the Russian Orthodox Church still claims 50 million members in a population of 226 million; in addition, there are at least 25 million Moslems, 3.5 million Jews, and uncounted thousands who have been converted from nonbelief by the Baptists, Seventh-day Adventists and Jehovah's Witnesses.

ROMAN CATHOLICS

The Little Courses

In Baltimore last Thursday evening, 53 Roman Catholic laymen, their bags packed with enough clothing to last the weekend, checked into St. Martin's Church at Fulton Avenue and Fayette Street, on the city's multi-racial, row-house downtown fringe. The group included doctors, lawyers, day laborers, college students, a veterinarian and a politician. When they registered at the door, they were asked to pocket their wristwatches. Until Sunday night, their hours would be on God's time, as they went through a new method of spiritual renewal known as *Cursillos de Cristiandad* (Spanish for Little Courses in Christianity).

The Cursillo (pronounced koor-see-yo) is the fastest-growing movement in the Roman Catholic Church. Devised by Spanish Psychologist Eduardo Bonnin and the Rt. Rev. Juan Hervás, then Bishop of Palma, as a means of reviving the faith among laggard laymen, the Cursillo was first held at the Monastery of San Honorato on Majorca in 1949. Cursillos have spread rapidly throughout Spain, Latin America and Western Europe, were brought to the U.S. seven years ago by two Spanish air cadets studying at Lackland Air Force Base in Texas. The first U.S. Cursillos were mostly given in Spanish, but now they have spread so widely into the population at large that the common language is English. There are now 50 U.S. dio-

ceses that sponsor the little courses, and this week a new Cursillo center opened in Brooklyn.

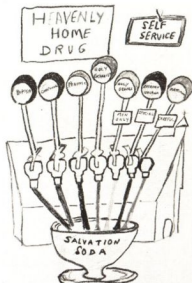
Prodigal Son. The Cursillo, which may be made only once in a lifetime, is something of a cross between a revival meeting and an extended group therapy session. Students in the three-day course are guided by a priest, a lay leader known as the rector, and ten or twelve veteran Cursillistas (Cursillo graduates), who assist in giving the lectures and helping out with the household chores.

Prospective Cursillistas rise at 6 for Mass and meditation, spend until 11 p.m. each day listening to a total of 15 sermons. The first four topics, for example, are ideals, habitual grace, laymen in the church, actual grace. The fifth, on piety, attacks Christian hypocrisy—"hits at every variety of religious nut," says one Cursillista. The prodigal son is an insistent theme; laymen provide practical instruction on how Cursillistas can apostolically serve God on the "fourth day" of the Cursillo—their life after the course ends.

After each lecture, the Cursillistas divide into smaller groups to discuss its application to their lives, draw pictures that illustrate the sermon's main points. To relieve spiritual tension, the Cursillo schedule provides moments of respite in which the students tell jokes and sing songs, notably a jaunty little Spanish folk tune called *De Colores* (Of Colors) that has become the unofficial theme of the Cursillo. Sample verse:

*Living colors envelop the rainbow
in heavens above
That's the reason I like all the colors,
That brighten the life of the things that
I love*

The course ends Sunday night with a brief ceremony at which new Cursillistas explain what the experience has meant to them. Since follow-up is all important, the graduates are encouraged to meet with other Cursillistas once a week. After taking the course most graduates also subscribe to the



ON SOURCES OF SALVATION

movement's bilingual monthly magazine *Ultreya* (Beyond).

Cursillo candidates are screened to exclude neurotics, include a cross section of active Catholic laymen, usually between 25 and 50 in age, with leadership potential. Separate Cursillos are held for women, but wives are not eligible unless their husbands have taken the little course. Unlike the retreat, which emphasizes individual meditation and passive attention to sermons, the Cursillo requires active, cooperative participation by all candidates. Thus each course includes one or two "auxiliaries"—veteran Cursillistas who pretend to be there for the first time. They keep discussions going, alert the rector and priest if someone is not entering into the right spirit of the course.

Prudish Zealots? The danger of the movement is fanaticism. A few graduates have suffered mental breakdowns. Some men Cursillistas have jeopardized their marriages by losing interest in their wives and homes. Not all bishops will even permit Cursillos in their dioceses. Critics of the movement also charge that the Cursillo relies on simplistic theology and a fundamentalist approach to Scripture, tends to create prudish zealots who are convinced, like Moral Re-Armers, that they alone possess the real key to spiritual living.

Most Cursillistas regard the little course as a turning point in their lives. Parish priests cite thousands of Sunday-Mass Catholics who became daily communicants and gave countless leisure hours to work for the church. Some clerics who distrusted the "Spanish" intensity of the course have changed their minds after undergoing a Cursillo. Says the Rev. Francis Norris, a theologian at San Francisco's diocesan seminary: "I must confess that my deepest experience of our common life in Christ took place during the Cursillo."

A Singular Use of the Singular "We"

by
Julian P. Van Winkle
President

Old Fitzgerald
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Louisville, Kentucky
Established 1849



"The only people entitled to use 'we' in the singular sense," Mark Twain once remarked, "are kings, editors and people with tape worms".

With no speaking acquaintance with any of the three, I may be pardoned here for possible over-use of the singular "I".

The subject of this little story is a "Birthday"—a matter so personal as to be of certain interest to no one but myself.

It so happens, however, that all ninety Kentucky Derbies have been run in my single life time.

As a young distiller, in 1893, I laid away my first barrel of Kentucky Bourbon to be packaged four years later in the first Bonded bottles ever offered as protection to the American public.

At ninety—and still an active distiller—I have had cause to age and bottle more hand-made Kentucky Sour Mash Bourbon than any man alive today. In one batch, I expect it might more than float the Maine.

Now age alone may often be something to brag about in bourbon but forget in your birthday book. Accordingly, when asked what I wanted for my latest anniversary, I replied—"Not to be reminded of it." Truth of the matter, I've managed to stick around so long perhaps for the sole reason that I've given all my time to it—all the time I've had!

Yet 90 years is long enough to learn a thing or two. In the matter of my specialty, OLD FITZGERALD, I have never been more sure that bourbon quality is best served, not by modern short cuts, but by patient adherence to the slow and proven methods of our forebears who first made Kentucky Bourbon famous. I invite you to enjoy it, as is my custom—in moderation.

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SHOW BUSINESS

TELEVISION

Mindsweeper

In Los Angeles last week, a 28-year-old inventor named James Tanner announced that he has developed a new electronic system for surveying TV audiences that may make all existing ratings systems obsolete.

Tanner calls the heart of his device a comparator. It works with a sensitive receiver that pulls in a signal from a TV home receiver and compares it with all signals being broadcast by TV stations. The device fits into a panel truck that is driven around city streets, sweeping up signals from all TV sets in the area and calculating what channels they are tuned to. Tanner makes the ambitious claim that it can read a whole apartment building as easily as a private house. The truck moves along at 15 m.p.h. while the machine counts 106 sets a minute. In half an hour, 50 trucks could read 159,000 sets.

Frank Champion, an ABC West Coast transmission engineer, declares that Tanner's system is "foolproof." He says: "I haven't felt so strongly about anything since video tape."

The Reason-Why Man

Fred W. Friendly, begetter and producer of *CBS Reports*, likes to call his colleagues "the band of brothers." What the brethren call him ranges from "brilliant slob" to "self-promoting megalomaniac." Nice friendly place, CBS. Last week Fred Friendly was appointed president of CBS News, succeeding Richard Salant, who was elevated to No. 3 position in the Columbia Broadcasting System, below President Frank Stanton and Chairman William Paley.

A homely, rangy fellow who toesses around in his chair as if it were stuffed with thumbtacks, Friendly stews, fusses and frets over everything he does. He sees more foreign airports in a year than most diplomatic couriers, and is known as "Frenzied Fred" because he expects the brethren to tackle every project with his own clock-defying zeal. His friend Carl Sandburg once remarked: "Fred always looks as if he had just got off a foam-flecked horse."

"I feel like I've been shot into orbit and have no retrorockets to come down with," Friendly said last week. "If this isn't fun, I'll be a flop." Mindful of six other CBS News bosses who have either flopped or walked out since 1945, Friendly advised the CBS functionary who orders up the top wakes: "You can start planning my farewell party."

The One-Ton Pencil. Friendly believes passionately that TV is "the best tool journalism was ever given." During the past twelve years he has used the camera—"the one-ton pencil," he calls it—in a valiant effort to prove that point. His hope now is to regain supremacy in news and public-affairs



CBS NEWS BOSS FRIENDLY
Sitting on thumbtacks.

reporting, which in recent years has been captured by NBC. Under Salant, a corporate attorney, men like David Schoenbrun and Howard K. Smith became disaffected and left CBS, as Ed Murrow had before them. Those who stayed, notably Charles Collingwood, Eric Sevareid and Walter Cronkite, came more and more under the authority of producers and executives. Snorts one disgruntled CBS alumnus: "It was as though the typesetters took over editing the New York Times."

Friendly's promotion actually represents something of a victory for the behind-the-scenes types. He first made his name playing Horatio to Ed Murrow's Hamlet. As far back as 1948, the two assembled recordings of celebrated voices for Columbia Records' package *I Can Hear It Now*. Before long, they were doing *See It Now*, a documentary with a cutting edge rare in TV. When Murrow left to become director of the USIA, many wondered if Friendly could hold his own alone. He could.

Panoptic Vision. Friendly, one of the few *Who's Who* entries who omit their ages, was born 49 years ago in New York. Raised in Providence, he got into public-affairs broadcasting at 23 by writing and delivering five-minute biographies of American industrialists on a Providence radio station. Called *Footprints in the Sands of Time*, his shows were worth all of \$1 a minute to him, cold cash.

He is no administrator—he invariably goes way over his annual budget. But his goals are suitably panoptic. He hopes to put on such compelling shows that all the never-watch-television snobs will repent and reform. "I want this to be 'the reason-why network,'" he says. He has already started a project called "Viet Nam: The Deadly Decision," plans oth-



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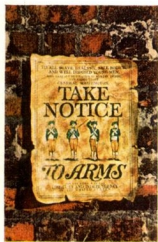
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ers on topics ranging from the cigarette industry to the absurdity of TV ratings, which happen to be holy writ to CBS's entertainment division. He is convinced that the public wants to be informed, and that it should be. His critics—and there are many—grumble that such aims will not help CBS's overall ratings. But he takes it all in stride. "I've got the greatest collection of enemies in the world," Fred Friendly says with relish. "And I cherish every one of them."



SRNEC (RIGHT) IN "PRELUDE"
Love can do anything.

THEATER ABROAD

Balletomime

If this were an animated movie, it would not be so surprising. But that is a real man up there on the stage, and that was his bow tie that just came off and is now flying around like a butterfly. Strings? No strings.

It is a matter of lighting. There is actually an invisible performer walking around the stage manipulating the bow tie. The invisibility is achieved through a stage-light trick known to conjurers since the darkest of the Dark Ages. Under properly angled lighting, a black object against a black backdrop cannot be seen by an audience. Developing its material on this simple principle, a Czechoslovak troupe known as the Black Theater of Prague has become internationally famous.

They do about seven sketches in an evening, never saying a word, mixing ballet, pantomime and animated cartoonery. In any given sketch, two or three actors will be visible, and two or three phantoms will be on the stage with them, making brightly colored inanimate objects move about as if by magic.

Rolling Cubes. In *Prelude*, a man and a woman, sitting at opposite ends of a park bench, are reading. They exchange tentative glances but are too shy

to speak. The man's umbrella, however, is not shy at all. It rises and moves toward the girl's umbrella, which responds, and floats up into the air as well. The man and woman move to opposite sides of the stage and stare pensively into the wings.

The bench they were sitting on is actually six big cubes, which now tilt forward to show a mammoth piano keyboard painted on their sides. The umbrellas pick out a waltz, note for precise note, in two-part harmony. This brings the man and woman together. The cubes roll over again and become an automobile with painted wheels. The couple goes for a drive. The wheels spin. The girl's hair blows in the wind. Paper puffs of exhaust smoke head for the wings. The girl loses her scarf. The car backs up to retrieve it. The smoke reverses direction and goes back into the exhaust pipe. Love can do anything. Curtain.

Jiri Srnec thinks these things up, and is the Black Theater's No. 1 performer as well. He is 33, a short, stocky man with a bull neck, a round head, and a freshly scrubbed demeanor. He has a Ph.D. in music, another in theater, and another in art. Sometimes foreigners confuse his Black Theater with *Laterna Magica*, another Czech theatrical group, which dazzled visitors to the 1958 Brussels World's Fair with a theatrical hybrid of song, speech, and film bits projected onto odd-shaped screens. But Srnec is swiftly clearing up the confusion the world over. The Black Theater was a hit at the 1962 Edinburgh Festival, recently finished a successful stand in West Germany, and is now making a 105-performance tour of Australia. Last week it opened in Hobart, where Tasmanian society treated the group's coming as almost the greatest event since the arrival of Tasman, the Dutch explorer, in 1642.

Collectivized Clothesline? Not everyone in the audience knows quite what to make of these weird Communist carryings-on. Appreciating its brilliantly abstract artfulness, nervous Aussies nonetheless wondered if the troupe might not be putting something over down under.

Up went a clothesline. Ah, ha! The party line. Clothes went onto the clothesline. What could they symbolize? Two pairs of men's underwear began to fight over a pair of frilly panties. They kicked, tripped and bashed at each other until one slumped in defeat. The winning male underwear hipped up to the wigglingly impressed panties and the two dove together into a clothes basket to do a little Czechmating.

Then the Australians relaxed and enjoyed it. After the underwear came out of the basket and returned to the line, a pair of children's underpants soon appeared there, too, then one, two, three more in diminishing sizes. That kind of collectivization is ring-a-ding-ding from northern Queensland to the Tasman Sea.

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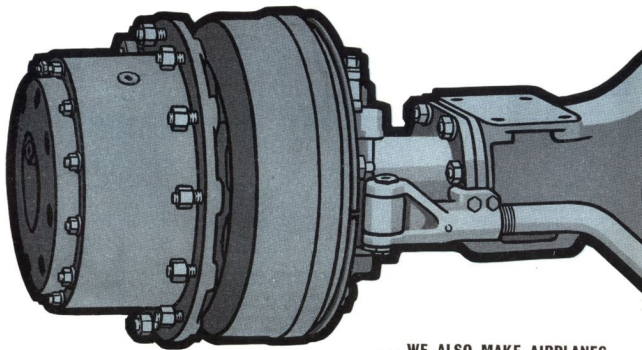
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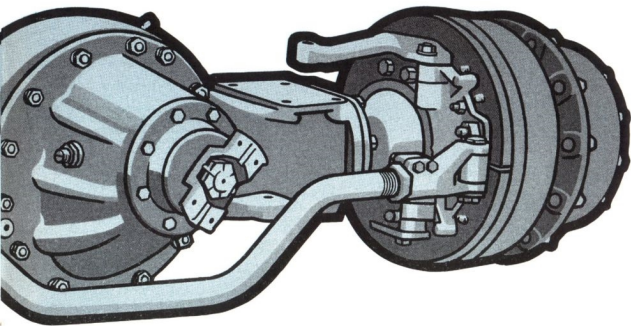
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EDUCATION

TEACHING

Why They Don't Teach Good Like They Should

The chief reason why so many young Americans cannot read and write English well is shockingly simple: according to a forthcoming report by the National Council of Teachers of English, 47% of high school English teachers "do not feel well-prepared in the English language," 48% feel shaky in literature, 63% in composition and 90% in the teaching of reading. Almost half of all high school English classes in the U.S. are taught by teachers who did not major in the subject in college.

Although English scholarship is rapidly advancing, few teachers take the trouble to keep up, or even to bone up on basic English teaching. In the past nine years, the average elementary teacher, who spends at least one quarter of her time teaching English, has taken four times more formal course work in "education" than in English, including only half a course in the teaching of reading, a subject that she barely touched in college. In ten years, only one out of seven high school English teachers has taken as much as one three-hour English course. Almost a third of the nation's 900,000 English teachers have avoided any formal English study for the past decade.

As the council sees it, key solutions include solid sabbaticals to retreat teachers, summer institutes that really teach English (many just skimp it), helpful supervision by master English teachers rather than bureaucratic administrators. The majority of high school teachers, says the council, "have never had an opportunity to confer with a college professor of English or English education or with a special English supervisor." Without reforms, warns James R. Squire, the council's executive secretary, English classes across the country will go on wallowing in "dull, lifeless teaching" devoid of "one iota of excitement."

COLLEGES

Can U Learn at Drive-In U?

In a rueful moment, University of California President Clark Kerr once defined his three main headaches as "sex for the students, athletics for the alumni and parking for the faculty." Now sex and sport seem simple concerns, compared to parking—for everybody.

One of the biggest migraines is Kerr's own hemmed-in, 387-acre U.C.L.A. campus. Los Angeles' notoriously deficient public transportation cannot deliver the university's mostly commuter students; yet those who drive are forbidden to park on neighboring streets. So the school has been forced to build \$2,800,000 worth of multilevel parking garages, plus other parking areas, which all take in \$964,000 a year in fees. Yet this costly effort provides only 10,486 campus spaces for 38,800 students and teachers, and a 60-man staff has to herd U.C.L.A. cars in and out like SAC bombers on a red alert.

Rush Hour Every Hour. In a recent poll of 317 colleges, Duke University found that only 5% of them ban all student cars. Apart from freshmen, who are usually forbidden to drive on campus, roughly one out of three U.S. collegians has a car. But the pattern varies widely. Miami is plagued with two-car students, while Purdue forbids freshmen and sophomores even to drive in the county around the campus. At well-heeled Northwestern, coeds tool to class in Cadillacs ("We've always had a high caliber of automobile here"). At Harvard, vehement Vespas grind like drunken dentists. At M.I.T., some students park in a remote lot, heft bicycles off the roofs of their cars, pedal the remaining two miles to class.

Campus cars are proliferating so fast that Michigan State has traffic lights and a 28-man police force to control "a rush hour every hour all day." The University of Georgia has more autos than eight out of ten towns in Georgia. The University of Houston has 14,000 stu-

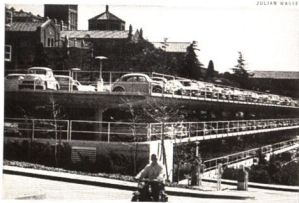
dent cars competing for 5,500 parking places. At the University of Washington, armed campus cops in prowler cars can chase speeders clear to Idaho if necessary. Illinois has put a criminology professor in charge of the whole mess.

The car has begun to shape campus life all over the country. The timing of cultural events depends on available parking. Fraternity house lawns look like drive-in restaurants. On sprawling campuses, where classes may be miles apart, students confess that they occasionally pick courses not for intellectual interest, but for parking proximity. Harvard men drop their Wellesley dates long before the girls are ready to call it a night—the boys have to rush back to Cambridge and park.

Ingenious Solutions. Commonest solution is the annual parking fee, ranging up to \$75. Other ingenious methods are being tried. To plow tax money into parking, Berkeley is building big garages roofed with tennis courts and athletic fields. To solve the land shortage (new buildings are eating up old parking lots), the University of Washington is integrating kids and cars in combined garage-dormitories. But Fordham University failed when it tried to call in the commercial Kinney System Inc. to run a \$225,000 parking operation—price-protesting students chanted "Let the lot rot!" And just having rich alumni, as Harvard has, is no help. Who wants to put up a Memorial Garage?

Yale bans student parkers and gives out faculty parking permits on an elaborate point system based on the academic pecking order. Given the fewest points, green instructors are parked so far from their offices that it almost pays to leave the car at home. Only when a professor is finally admitted to the lot of his choice does he feel that he has truly arrived at Yale.

In short, U.S. higher education's most vivid lesson today is that getting into college on paper may be a lot easier than getting to it in person. Maybe the only solution is to turn colleges into educational drive-in movie theaters—how else can they teach students who cannot get out of their cars?




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ON THE EVENING of May 20, 1932, she opened up the engine for the rush of take-off. A minute later she lifted the wings of her small plane and headed out over the vast lonely sea.

Amelia Earhart was the second person in history to make a solo flight across the Atlantic.

She did it because she felt that "women must try the things men have tried. When they fail, their failure must be but a challenge to others."

But mostly she did it because she loved flying. And she loved the sky. She loved the beauty of it, the silence of it, the limitlessness of it. And its challenge. Even its danger.

She had a soft voice, an almost shy manner. She wrote poetry, dreamed dreams. She seemed like others.

But she was different. She had the driving spirit that sets some people apart from the rest. The courageous, inquisitive, imaginative, wise... and sometimes seemingly foolish spirit that makes these people *do*... while others only dream of doing.

With other aviation pioneers she found pathways in the unknown sky. She raced time and won. She flew through space and made distance shrink between people and nations.

On July 2, 1937, on a trans-world flight with her navigator, Fred

Noonan, the plane vanished into the sprawling Pacific. Her courageous spirit was never heard from again.

But Amelia Earhart will be remembered as one of those gallant Americans who opened the doors of the sky. And through them, progress followed.

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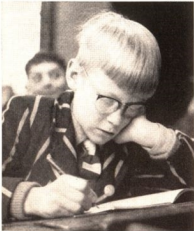
EDUCATION ABROAD

Minus Eleven-Plus

Britain's "eleven-plus exam," an IQ measurement plus tests in arithmetic and English composition, was set up in 1944 as the fairest way to channel children into state secondary schools geared to their abilities. But it has turned out to be the infamous instrument that with dread finality determines whether a child aged 10½ to 11½ is to be high or low in Britain's totemistic society, whether he gets topflight pre-university training or a quick go at a lesser school.

This life-blighting system has anguished parents, embarrassed teachers and worried doctors, who find the young

RESTONE



TOILING ENGLISH SCHOOLBOY

No more butterflies in February.

exam takers suffering from all sorts of mental and physical tensions. Eleven-plus is "the invention of the devil," says the Rev. Arthur Morton, director of the National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children. Labor Party Leader Harold Wilson argues that "a child's future should not be decided by how many butterflies are in the tummy one cold Saturday morning in February."

Bowing to the criticism, school officials have now abolished the exam in Essex, Leicestershire and Manchester. Last week the influential London County Council (1,300 schools, 425,000 pupils) carried on the trend by dropping the one-shot exam in favor of a whole-child "profile" compiled in primary school years. Results will place primary graduates in one of seven standardized ability groups. Parents will be allowed to "nominate" any two London secondary schools, although a child's profile will determine where he finally goes.

The new system is still far more selective than the open-door policy in most U.S. public high schools, but it puts Britain closer to universal education than ever before. Says one relieved secondary-school administrator: "We haven't the right to write off any child at any age as a failure."

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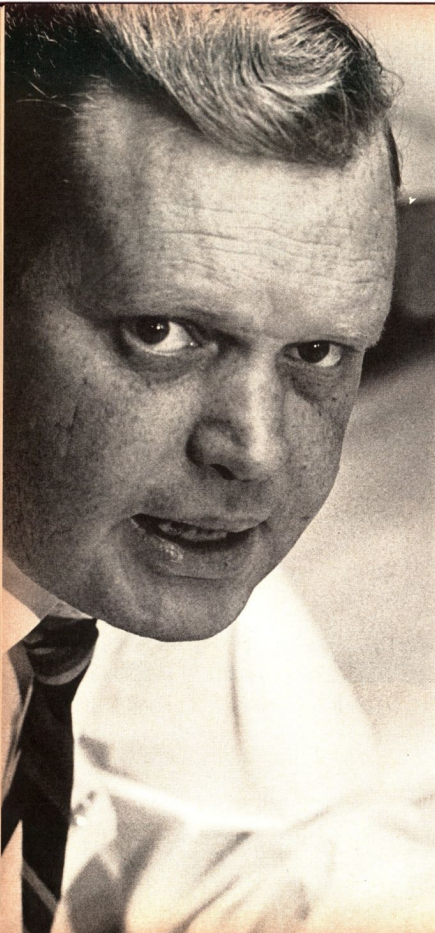
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EXCUSES, EXCUSES!

There are times when every top executive needs to take over immediately

As soon as Bob Moore, president of Hill Construction Company, had said it, he felt ashamed. "Sorry, Charlie. I know it's not your fault. But what is Dave doing?"

Charlie shrugged. "What can he do?"

"How should I know? The job's four hundred miles away."

"All I know is he's already two days behind schedule. He says there's so much traffic on the old highway it seems his equipment does nothing but wait for cars to go by. He has a double flagman crew..."

"But traffic still gets lined up for miles." Bob looked at his watch. 9:10 a.m. He motioned Charlie away from his intercom. "Okay, let old dad swing into action."

He buzzed his secretary. "Carol, which plane is free today? Well, there's soupy weather out there. That one won't do. The Three Ten? On a day like today, I need the best. Okay, three things. One: tell Everett to roll it out for a 9:40 takeoff. Two: get the highway commissioner on long distance. And three: get the status report on the Perryville highway job for me."

Within minutes, Carol had the commissioner on the phone. "Hello, Howard? Bob Moore. Listen—Charlie Bell and I are leaving now to look at the bottleneck you got on my back about yesterday. Can you come along?"

"Hardly." The commissioner's voice was not as friendly as usual. "I have a three o'clock meeting with the governor—and guess what about."

"Look Howard, we'll fly up and pick you up and have you back in plenty of time."

"Bob, have you looked at the weather outside?"

"No problem. We'll shoot an approach at Memorial Airport and pick you up—the weather at the construction site is fine. See you at the airport at 10:45."

THE THEATER

In the Prison of Color

The *Blood Knot*, by Atholl Fugard, links two South African half-brothers in a fierce, funny, tender, scalding love-hate relationship. Though both are sons of the same dark-skinned mother, one brother is white and the other is dark. They live in a tin shack in the colored ghetto outside Port Elizabeth, South Africa. The white brother, Morris (J.D. Cannon), an intense, broody, mothering sort, keeps house for the pair. The black brother, Zachariah (James Earl Jones), is one of nature's children, open-faced and openhanded. He tends a park gate where he shoos away any colored child who tries to enter. Every night Morris reads a ritualistic footbath for Zach's raw, swollen feet. But in the realm of color, skin-deep is heart-deep and there is no balm for those abrasions.

Morris speaks feelingly of brotherhood, but what he practices is more like Big Brotherhood, the slightly proprietary snobism of a global planner confined to one squalid room and one underdeveloped mentality. He is a demon of uplift ("talking helps") and tries to tempt Zach's palate with a wedge of pie in the sky—a farm the two brothers will buy and work. But Zach, a man of profound instinctual sanity, is slow to sublimate. "I'm sick of talking, man. I want a woman," he says. Morris fobs him off with a pen pal ("18 years old and well-developed") to whom Morris will write. When the girl, who is white, promises to appear, each brother panics for opposing reasons. Zach yearns for the girl, but he dares not violate the racial taboo, and must violate his feelings instead. Morris is tempted to meet the girl, except that he has passed for white before and knows the self-loathing he felt at the ugly pleasure of renouncing the black within him, and spurning the blacks around him.

In a full-length two-character play, each actor has to be at least an actor and a half. Both J. D. Cannon and James Earl Jones are enormously skillful. At first Cannon seems considerate, practical, matter-of-fact, and then his nerves start to sing like high-tension wires. The playgoer senses that he is watching a man hiding from the beast in himself. James Earl Jones can be as quiet as an extinct volcano one moment, and spewing emotional lava across a stage the next. With some actors, words clothe feelings; with Jones, feelings unclothe words so that joy, rage, wonder and sadness radiate nakedly through the theater.

An off-Broadway production, *Blood Knot* sometimes echoes with echoes, and speaks in the voices of Genet, Pinter, and even the John Steinbeck of *Of Mice and Men*. But Atholl Fugard, a white South African, shuns preachments and never oversimplifies the human equation. His symbols are the kind that laugh, cry and bleed.



By noon they had picked up the commissioner at the capital and were landing on an unfinished stretch of highway. Dave met them, and they spent an hour studying the problem firsthand. They even took off again and looked at the road from the air. When they landed, they hurried to the field office.

Bob paced the floor. Suddenly he stopped and looked up. "Okay. Cut a tunnel." He put his finger on the wall chart. "Right here."

No one said anything for a moment. Then Dave gave a low whistle. "Bet that runs close to forty thousand bucks."

"And who pays for that?" asked the commissioner.

"We do," said Charlie, glumly. "And that's a hunk of money."

"The delay amounts to a hunk of money too," said Bob, "and that equipment sitting idle costs a fortune."

"Well, it certainly gets me off the hook," said the commissioner, smiling broadly at Bob.

"Okay, that's it," said Bob. "Let's get back. I want to see a lot of costs checked out."

By 3:30, Bob and Charlie were back in the office. And about a quarter to five, Charlie checked the last of the cost charts the accounting department sent up.

"Looks like you made the right decision," he said. "And you saved a lot of time by making it now. Frankly, I wouldn't have thought of it."

"I doubt if I would have either," said Bob, "if we hadn't gone out there."

"Well, my hat's off to you."

Bob grinned. "Just don't give me any more excuses."

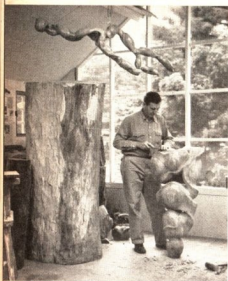
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CESSNA



MUIR IN HIS STUDIO
He frees a splendid Eden.

Driftwood by Design

The sculpture of William Muir looks something like polished driftwood; but nature, with all her wisdom, cannot seem to match by accident what Muir shapes by design. With rasps, rifflers and chisels, he has liberated a splendid Eden filled with elegant new phyla of plant life. Now on view at Manhattan's Sculpture Center, Muir's subtly swiveling works exchange contours with the space that surrounds them, earning comparisons with the smooth biomorphic bulges that mark the sculpture of Arp, Moore and Brancusi.

Muir, 61, is a carver who penetrates a forest of woods: hard black walnut, violet kingwood, satiny lignum vitae, reddish cocobolo, Pernambuco wood, mahogany, apple, redwood and familiar trees. Occasionally he also works with granite. Yet it is dried seed pods, withered blossoms, moss and lichens that give Muir his forms. "I am a scavenger and gatherer of all sorts of flora not thought much of by most people," he says.

He takes his specimens home, adds models from his own garden, examines them with a magnifying glass to capture their curvy novelty. He roughs out his ideas in scale drawings in pastel and charcoal before taking up his chisel and hammer. Yet his instinct with natural material rules his work. His guide is "marrying the inner intention to the wood"; like the action painter who follows the nature of his paint, Muir runs with the grain.

Muir's windows overlook the sea. He was born near the soil in Hunter, N.D. (pop. 417), and studied in New York at the Art Students League in 1923-24, but now he is enthralled by the littoral life that he has led on the Maine seacoast since 1939. For his art derives from the botany of the place—the ab-

stract fluidity with which nature cloaks its creatures. In carving through the gnarls and knots of wood, Muir tempts nature to remake itself in another natural image born of a natural art.

The Art of Collecting

A well-chosen art collection is a work of art itself; it has integrity and takes the pulse of an era. Such a collection is that of Dr. Arthur Hahnloser, who lived in Winterthur, near Zurich, until his death in 1936. In his Villa Flora, a large and angular house behind an iron fence on a faceless street, he gathered one of the choicest private hoards of post-impressionist art in the world (see following pages).

The Hahnlosers, Herr Doktor Arthur and Frau Hedy, were 33 and 30 when they bought their first work, Ferdinand Hodler's *Little Cherry Tree*. Thereafter, although the Hahnlosers were not rich, they bought contemporary art steadily until the walls barely showed through the paintings. By 1924, buying most of the time directly from artists, they owned Renoirs, Bonnard, Vuillards, Vallottons, Cézannes, Manguins, Hodlers, Rodins, Maillols, Redons, Matisses, Rouaults, Utrillos, and just about every other French or Swiss artist that mattered at the time.

Prophets & Beasts. The focus of the collection was the post-impressionists, those who rejected the spontaneous, open-air naturalism of the early Monet, Pissarro and Degas. Two groups attracted the Hahnlosers' attention: the Nabis (or prophets, from Hebrew), and the later, more violently color-clashing

Fauves (or wild beasts, from a critic's derisive quip). The philosophy of painting that both groups followed was best summed up by an 1890 dictum of Theoretician and Painter Maurice Denis: "A picture, before being a horse, a nude, or some kind of anecdote, is essentially a flat surface covered with colors in a certain order." Although neither the Nabis nor the Fauves entirely abandoned the impressionist lessons of analyzing the fleeting scans of colored light rebounding from landscape, they flattened their tableaux and added vigorous, if vague and personal, symbolism to their work. In effect, they were the first expressionists.

Frequently the Hahnlosers took the overnight sleeper to Paris and nearly always returned with crates of paintings and graphics. On one early trip Dr. Arthur bought a nude that he praised as having "cool, exact, beautifully executed lines, and whose intensely clear colors appeared like such a relief from the general air of muggy sensuality." It turned out to be by a fellow Swiss named Felix Vallotton, a member of the Nabis and soon a lifelong friend of the collectors.

The collectors became passionate supporters of the artists to whom their taste led them. Bonnard, Vuillard, Matisse, Rouault and others were frequent guests at the Hahnlosers' winter home in Cannes. Swiss artists, professors and writers gathered weekly in the living room of the Villa Flora, where, surrounded by Van Goghs and Cézannes, they debated art with such fervor that the meetings were called "Revolution



ARTHUR & HEDY HAHNLOSER BY BONNARD
They gave Picasso the gate.

SWISS FAMILY'S HEIRLOOMS



WALL OF ROUAULTS decorates the sewing room of Hahnlosers' Villa Flora, near Zurich. French painter was one of late Swiss oculist and collector's many artist friends.

PHOTOGRAPH BY HEINZ ZINBACH

VUILLARD PAINTING, *The Checkerboard*, is 1906 oil portraying writers and critics who founded the *Revue Blanche*, magazine backing artists collected by Hahnlosers.



COZY CORNER of guest room has Maurice Denis' *The Beach* (upper left) sharing wall with Matisse's *Black Notebook*. A Guillaumin river scene (right) hangs above an Utrillo and a Matisse. Matisse torso rests beside Man-
guin oil of Hahnlosers' house.



GALLERY OF BONNARDS traces the shy French master's development as a member of Nabis group, where he knew Vuillard and Swiss Artist Vallotton (whose early nude is on

floor at right of a Bonnard nude). Crayon study in open portfolio in rack is for Bonnard's portrait of Hahnlosers while sailing. Bronze figures (left) are Rodin's studies for *Balzac*.

Café." Indeed, the little magazine of anarchism called *Revue Blanche* was a polemical ally of the kind of art that the Hahnlosers loved.

What's Up Front. Thus the Hahnlosers shared the intimate lives of the painters that they collected. The good doctor liked to take the pulse of his painter friends while they worked. Invariably, he found that it quickened. When he brought Vallotton a bunch of yellow tulips to paint, the doctor's stinging countryman refused, because cadmium yellow was the most expensive color. Manguin, they observed, loved color so passionately that at times he dunked his head in cold water to prevent falling into uncontrollable ecstasy.

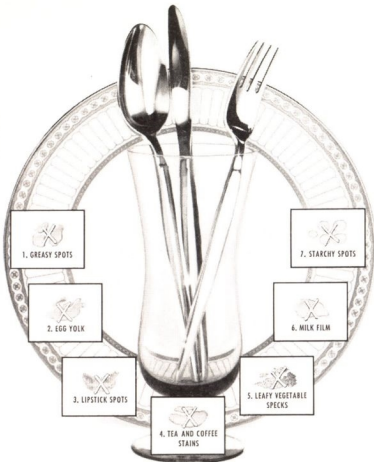
Bonnard, the most frequent visitor, was the shyest. He kept emphasizing the surface flatness of his oils: "One must notice what's up front in a painting." The Hahnlosers eagerly pressed him to paint their portrait, but he did not see what he wanted until one summer's day in 1923 when, while sailing with them in the Mediterranean, Bonnard shouted, "This is it!" "What is it?" asked Hedy Hahnloser. "Your portrait, in the blue sweater against the sail!" replied the artist. For a fee of \$950 Bonnard began sketches for a canvas only 34 by 28 in. in size. "How can you paint so important a subject as the Hahnlosers on a canvas that small?" asked Bonnard's wife. Bonnard answered by increasing the format to 41 by 39. Asked Dr. Hahnloser: "Isn't that going to increase your price?" "No," said Bonnard. "The additional expense is my gift to you."

Checks on the Walls. Though the Herr Doktor paid for it, Hedy Hahnloser was the umpire of the collection. With her high-minded Swiss upbringing, she disapproved of the fast life of girls and powerful cars that Matisse enjoyed. She lived to the age of 79 but could not stand Derain or Van Dongen, virtually ignored Dufy, and only came upon Braque when his selling price was, in her opinion, too high. Since every great collection has to end, just as a great painting must reach completion at some point, the Hahnlosers finally ran out of zealous vision. One day in the 1920s, the young Picasso rang at their gate in Cannes. Hedy sent down her last word with her maid: "I'm not at home for him. Never!"

The heirs of the Hahnloser collection are their son, Dr. Hans Hahnloser, professor of art history at the University of Bern, and daughter, Frau Lisa Jäggi-Hahnloser, wife of a retired banker. Frau Lisa still lives in the old Winterthur house, but the collection is divided between there and Dr. Hahnloser's Bern apartment. Only a few dozen friends and qualified art critics from abroad see the paintings each year. The value of the works is in the millions, but the heirs, taught to love the art, despise the idea that their parents' collection should ever be viewed as "so many large checks hanging on the walls."

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SPORT

PRIZEFIGHTING

Cassius X

One thing about Cassius Clay. He is a man of his word. "I'm gonna shake up this town," said the world's heavyweight champion last week—and he did.

The town was New York. Announcing that he had dropped his middle name, Marcellus, in favor of the Black Muslim "X," Clay checked into Harlem's Hotel Theresa, once the Manhattan headquarters of Fidel Castro. He cut a rock-'n'-roll disk for Columbia, passed out free Florida oranges in Times Square, sounded off to reporters on everything from urban renewal ("If I lived in Harlem, I'd move to Long Island") to his relations with the opposite sex: "Like you take a guy cruising along in a Cadillac with \$10,000 in the pockets of his mohair suit. He's got it made. Then a

proud of you. Come whenever you can," beamed Liberian Ambassador Christie W. Doe. "Thank you, sir," answered the pride of Louisville. "I have longed to go back home to Liberia." Cassius' eyes bugged at the sight of an African delegate carrying the ornately carved stick of a tribal chieftain. "Man," breathed Cassius, pointing to the stick, "I got to get me one of those."

They might love Cassius at the U.N.—but not in the newspapers. Sportswriters were still not satisfied that Champion Clay's seven-round victory over Sonny Liston in Miami two weeks ago was strictly on the up and up. "A sordid mystery," sneered one. "A malodorous mess," sniffed another. Some skeptics hinted that Liston's camp had engineered a betting coup—though Las Vegas bookmakers insisted no "smart money" had been bet on Clay. If it had, the odds would not have increased from 7-1 to 8-1 on the day of the fight.

Others suggested that Liston had thrown the fight to build up the gate for a return match. That made no better sense: as challenger, Liston would collect only half the champion's share. Still others, including Michigan Senator Philip A. Hart, saw something suspicious in the fact that Cassius had signed a \$50,000 "contingency" contract with Intercontinental Promotions Inc. before the fight—giving Intercontinental the right to pick the opponent and site for his first title defense. The opponent naturally figured to be Sonny Liston; he owns 22½% of Intercontinental Promotions Inc. But the contract was nothing more than a way around the World Boxing Association's unrealistic ban on return-bout contracts. "Insurance," Liston's lawyer called it. "We never dreamed Sonny could lose."

"I'm No Fool." Obviously. Unprepared for a bout of long duration, Liston came into the ring undertrained and overweight, with a ring of fat like a bagel around his midsection. His legs were gone by the third round, his desire by the start of the seventh. At that point, quoth Cassius:

*Sonny said, "He's too cool.
I'm no fool.
I'm stayin' here, on the stool."*

Last week Liston insisted that he would not make the same mistake twice. If there is a next time. With \$300,000 already in the bank this year and more in the offing from record sales, television, personal tours and product endorsements, Clay is thinking only of a nice long vacation trip—a pilgrimage to

Mecca, say. Then there is the problem of his draft status. But perhaps that was solved last week. In Louisville, the Courier-Journal reported that Cassius had flunked his preinduction psychological exam. Not once, but twice. He probably told the psychologist that he was going to win the heavyweight championship of the world—and the psychologist said, "He's crazy."

TRACK & FIELD

Fight for a Fraction

What is a tenth of a second? It is one-eighth of a heartbeat, 1/30th of a sigh, 1/21,000,000,000th of a lifetime. It is, literally, the blinking of an eye—an insignificant instant to people who measure their lives in minutes or months or 40-hour weeks. But not to Robert Lee Hayes, 21, a husky sprinter from Florida A. & M. University. Hayes is the world's fastest human, a title he holds by virtue of the fragile fact that he can run 60 yds. or 100 yds. a tenth of a second faster than anybody else who ever lived.

Pigeon-Toed & Knock-Kneed. Bob Hayes's mother remembers that he was a late walker and the slowest dishwasher in the family. Jake Gaither, Florida A. & M.'s football coach, recalls the first time he saw Hayes run: "I had to smile a little. He was pigeon-toed and knock-kneed, and he sort of wobbled. 'Jake,' they told me, 'you've got to teach that boy how to run.' But then I saw how he left those defensive backs behind, and I said, 'Let him alone. He'll do all right by himself.'" That was four years ago, and Bob Hayes still does not act like a man in much of a hurry. He yawns a lot, and he never stands when he can sit. He is taking five years to finish college. He has trouble keeping his weight down, and he still runs pigeon-toed—so much so that he is forever stabbing himself ("usually in the big toe") with his own half-inch-long track spikes.

But nobody makes fun of Bob Hayes any more. Outdoors in St. Louis last June, he ran the 100-yd. dash in 9.1 sec., clipping 1 sec. off Frank Budd's world record. Indoors in New York three weeks ago, he sprinted 60 yds. in 5.9 sec. for still another world record. In a year and a half, outdoors or indoors, Hayes has lost only two races.

Rabbits & Guns. By trade, Hayes is a halfback, not a sprinter. He earns his keep at A. & M. (room, board, tuition and free laundry) toiling autumns for Gaither's padded legions; he scored eleven touchdowns, leading the team to an 8-2 season last year, and he might already belong to some pro football club if 1964 were not an Olympic year (he has been drafted by both the Denver Broncos and the Dallas Cowboys). Even in track skivvies, Hayes still runs as though he had a football tucked under his arm—head bobbing, shoulders rolling, elbows flailing. Unlike such "rabbits" as Germany's Olympic Champion Armin Hary, Hayes has never learned to get the jump on his field

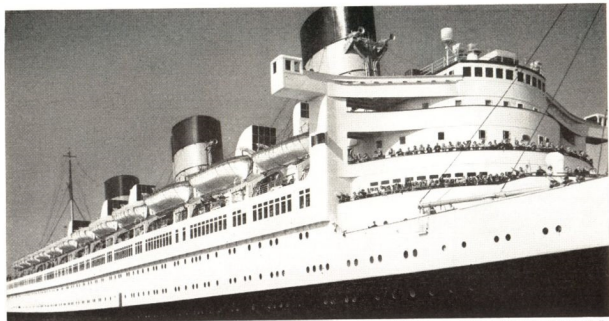


CHAMPION CLAY AT THE U.N.
As sensational as Khrushchev.

woman crosses the street, and what happens? Bang! He smashes up the car."

Diplomatic Black. Next stop for Cassius was the United Nations. "I am champion of the whole world," he announced grandly, "and I want to meet all the people I am champion of." Carefully attired in diplomatic black and surrounded by his ubiquitous Black Muslim advisers (wherever Cassius went, Malcolm X was sure to go), he strode boldly into the delegates' lounge—instantly creating what one observer described as "the biggest sensation since Khrushchev took off his shoe." Complained Turkish Ambassador Turgut Menemencioglu: "They're more interested in Cassius than in Cyprus." Delegates lined up to shower him with invitations to visit their countries. "We're

* With Nigerian Ambassador S. O. Adebisi. In center, wearing glasses, Malcolm X.



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For details about Cunard sailings, see your travel agent or local Cunard office:
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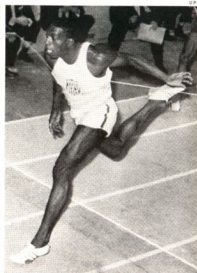
THE HOUSE OF EDGEWORTH

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**who?
what?
when?
where?
why?
how?**

Learn the answers to the questions in the news in

TIME



HAYES BREAKING 60-YD. RECORD
As instantly as possible.

by anticipating the starter's gun. He frequently is the last man off the blocks, or close to it.

But once he is in motion, Hayes accelerates like a dragster. Within 40 yds., he is moving at top speed. Then, as if he had flipped a switch, he goes into overdrive—a kind of higher-than-high gear, in which he actually seems to be flying along about 3 in. off the ground.

The track meets are moving outdoors now. This week Hayes will run his first 100 of the spring at the Florida A.A.U. Invitational at Miami. Hayes's Coach Dick Hill has his star practicing starts every afternoon, blasting out of the blocks time after time, fighting to pare a tiny fraction of a second off the time it takes him to get in motion. "It's a matter of reflexes," says Hill. "It takes a runner 1/100th to one-tenth of a second to react to the starter's gun. The idea is to get Bob to react as instantly as possible." And one day Hayes will get a perfect start—the gun and the first driving step in the same tick of time. Both Hayes and Hill are certain of it. "When that day comes," says Hayes, "I'll do 9 flat." "He'll do 8.9," says Coach Hill. "And he'll do it this year."

SCOREBOARD

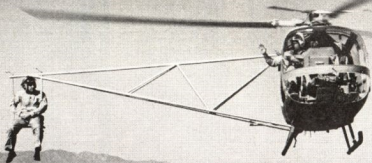
Who Won

► Loyola of Chicago's Tom O'Hara, 21: the featured mile race at the Chicago Daily News Relays, by 80 yds., in 3 min. 56.4 sec.—breaking his own world indoor record by .2 sec. "I could have run two seconds faster if I had wanted to let out," said O'Hara.

► U.C.L.A.'s No. 1-ranked Bruins: their 26th straight victory, 91-81, over crosstown rival Southern Cal, in the last game of the regular season—thus becoming the first major college basketball team (TIME, Jan. 17) to go through a full season unbeaten since Ohio State in 1961.

FROM LOCKHEED RESEARCH

Two new principles of vertical flight



The Aerogyro demonstrates the amazing stability of its unique rigid-rotor design.



The Hummingbird uses its augmented jet thrust to rise, hover, dart away at 500 mph.

The path of Science is strewn with good ideas, often abandoned along the way because they had no immediate application. Now Lockheed scientists have revived two such ideas from the past.

Pioneer helicopter designers tried at first to attach the rotor rigidly to its mast. They failed. Thereupon they hinged the rotor blades—and surrendered the helicopter's inherent stability.

Lockheed-California scientists took up the original idea of the rigid rotor and launched a major program to make

it work. The key: a small control-gyro system. Result: today's most advanced light helicopter—swift, stable, sensitive to the stick as a fixed-wing plane.

Lockheed-Georgia scientists used an adaptation of the Venturi principle—actually used by ancient Egyptians to pump water—to develop the Hummingbird's augmented jet-ejector thrust system. For vertical flight, the Hum-

mingbird's engine thrust is directed downward through a simple, rugged system of ducts and nozzles. By drawing in large volumes of outside air and mixing it with engine gases, the Lockheed system increases lift by 40 percent. For forward flight, thrust is directed rearward.

More examples of the research afoot throughout Lockheed. Both demonstrate the unique ability of America's great aerospace companies to put good ideas to practical use.

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MEDICINE

DRUGS

Safety & Effectiveness

If the U.S. Food and Drug Ad-
ministration has its way, many a bottle
is going to disappear from drugstore
and medicine-cabinet shelves in the next
year or so. A few have been knocked
off recently, but more will go now that
FDA is invoking the power to reassess
all the drugs that were approved from
1938 through early 1963, to see whether
they measure up to the high stand-
ards set by the "thalidomide law." That
law, officially the Drug Amendments
Act, passed in 1962, contained a de-
lay clause allowing previously approved
drugs to stay on the market for two
years without further formality. The
time runs out next October.

New Labels. Under the law as it
stood from 1938 through 1962, manu-
facturers merely had to satisfy FDA
that drugs were safe. Whether they did
any good was none of FDA's business.
The new law requires manufacturers
to prove effectiveness as well as safety,
and FDA can demand proof of effective-
ness, even if a drug has been pre-
scribed millions of times. FDA has now
told manufacturers it will require them
to 1) report which pre-1963 drugs are
still on the market, and how they are
labeled and promoted; 2) show that
doctors' experience with each drug jus-
tifies the claims made for it on the
label; and 3) show that the promotion
of a drug does not make more sweep-
ing claims than are made on the label.

Nobody can yet guess how many
drugs will be dropped because FDA
finds them ineffective. Far more are
likely to disappear because manufactur-
ers find that it takes too much time
to work out approved labeling. What is
certain is that FDA is at last getting
organized to do its enormous job properly.
Since the Drug Amendments Act
took effect last June, FDA has beefed
up its staff of M.D.s and veterinarians
from 65 to 101, with 25 more still be-
ing recruited. Most important of all,
FDA's key drug-safety position, vacant
for 18 months, has at last been filled
by a man well qualified for the grueling
work: Dr. Joseph Francis Sadusk Jr.,
54, of George Washington University.

New Staff. Baltimore-born Dr. Sa-
dusk was an Army medic and served
on the faculty of Yale and Stanford
medical schools before he went to G.W.
as a full professor and chairman of a
new department of preventive medi-
cine and community health. An experi-
enced administrator, he is also a tough
negotiator. He set his own terms for
taking the FDA job, and got them. He,
and all the doctors on his staff, are to
have some time reserved for research
or teaching. This, Dr. Sadusk believes,
will ensure his being able to attract men
of medical distinction.

And under the new rules, manufac-



FDA'S SADUSK
More doctors, fewer drugs.

turers will have to inform Dr. Sadusk
immediately when they hear of bad
reactions among patients taking drugs,
regardless of whether the drug seems
directly to blame. In honest differences
of opinion, Dr. Sadusk and his staff will
have the last word.

SURGERY

Typing for Transplants

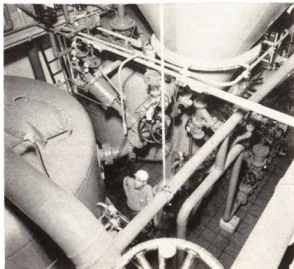
Though the payoffs in transplant sur-
gery are still distressingly few, hopes
remain high; both the number and variety
of transplant operations are increas-
ing. Trouble is, the human body has a
habit of trying to reject any tissue or
organism that is foreign to its own chem-
istry. Only with transplants between
identical twins is there reasonable hope
of long-term success. Among other
people, the rejection reaction is always
present, though it varies in intensity.*

To some Manhattan researchers, this
very variation offered new hope for
transplant success. In *Science*, the in-
vestigators report a new technique for
predicting the strength of a patient's re-
sistance to a transplanted organ—and
thus for selecting donors whose organs
will have the best chance of survival.

Add & Multiply. The spleen, lymph
nodes and bone marrow manufacture
white blood cells of a type known as
lymphocytes, which are loaded with an-
tibody ammunition to battle any invad-
er. They attack a transplant much as
they would fight an army of disease-

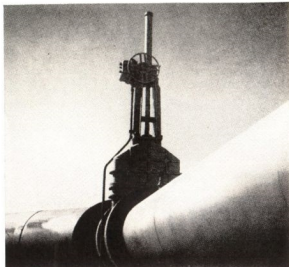
* Last week Ecuadorian Sailor Julio Luna,
whose grenade-smashed right hand had been
replaced by a transplant from a recently dead
donor (TIME, March 6), was flown to Boston's
Peter Bent Brigham Hospital. There doctors
concluded, "The natural rejection mechanism
of the patient had progressed to the point that
prolongation of the transplant would jeopardize
the health of the patient's whole arm," reluctantly
amputated Luna's new hand.

4 tough flow control problems (which your plant might encounter) and how they were solved.



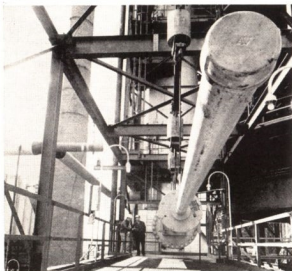
Problem: Absolutely pure water was essential to this plant of Public Service of New Jersey. Suspended or dissolved solids could cause a shutdown of this vital public facility.

Solution: A Crane analysis and installation of an ultramodern purification system including a complex of valves and piping.



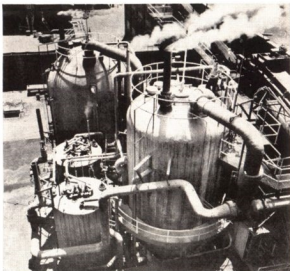
Problem: Rapidly increasing demands of San Diego's municipal sewage system required new automated pumping stations.

Solution: Crane flow control experts analyzed the problem and supplied basic parts of the new flow control system from massive iron gate valves seen here to scientific instrumentation.



Problem: Bypass of CO gas was too slow in this huge Sun Oil Refinery at Marcus Hook, Penna.

Solution: Crane engineered the world's largest two-port slide valve—measuring 108 inches in diameter and weighing 62,000 pounds.



Problem: The boilers in Gilman Paper Co.'s, St. Marys plant need great amounts of pure water to keep them going without clogging.

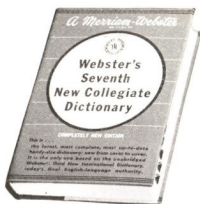
Solution: Crane supplied a huge water treatment unit with a complex hot-line process softener to insure water purity.

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causing virus particles. But transplant patients' lymphocytes show more hostility to cells from some donors than from others. Dr. Kurt Hirschhorn and Dr. Fritz Bach of New York University School of Medicine noted that when lymphocytes from two people of widely different ethnic groups were put together in a test tube, the cells became overactive; they enlarged and multiplied. By contrast, when lymphocytes from identical twins were combined, there was no reaction at all. This suggested that typing of donors for transplants might be developed along lines similar to blood typing.

At New York Hospital-Cornell Medical Center, doctors were trying a similar cell-matching technique in an effort to measure the body's buildup of antibody against a transplant. This was so that they could prescribe anti-rejection drugs not only in the right amount but at the right time. Such timing is vitally important. It is dangerous to suppress the rejection mechanism completely, even after a transplant, because to do so leaves the patient defenseless against many potentially fatal infections.

Drugs in Time. The cell-typing system has already been tried on patients. At New York Hospital, one girl got a kidney transplant from her mother, whose cells showed little antagonism to her own. When cell tests showed that rejection activity was building up, the doctors were able to give rejection-suppressing drugs in good time. After careful cell matching, another girl received a kidney from her father. Some five months after transplantation, the kidneys are still working well.

DIAGNOSIS

A Show of Hands

Nobody nowadays would seriously suggest limiting a medical examination to a look at the patient's hands, poked daintily through a curtain, as was once the case with high-ranking Moslem women. But, says the University of Pennsylvania's Dr. Theodore J. Berry, there is still much to be said for a show of hands. In a new book, *The Hand as a Mirror of Systemic Disease* (F. A. Davis Co., Philadelphia; \$15), he reminds his colleagues that a variety of serious diseases can be detected by the study of a patient's hands.

Bowler's Thumb. Internist Berry's handbook is an up-to-date endorsement of old-fashioned observation. When a patient has hands with swollen-tipped, "clubbed" fingers, and if there is also reddish-brown coloration to the skin at the base of the nails, says Dr. Berry, the man is suffering from cyanotic heart disease. "Blue babies" (with Fallot's tetralogy) develop similar signs, but when surgery has sealed the leak between the right and left sides of the heart, the clubbing and the discoloration dramatically disappear. If the pigmentation is not present, the spatulate fingers are usually due to lung disease.

DR. THEODORE J. BERRY



SPIDER FINGERS



CLUBBED FINGERS



"MURDERER'S THUMBS"
Pointers long overlooked.

One of Dr. Berry's chapters would have delighted Sherlock Holmes, with illustrations of such occupational trademarks as cellist's callus (on the tip of the left pinkie) and bowler's thumb (with a thickened joint). But one anomaly, known among gypsy fortune tellers as "murderer's thumb," indicates nothing: a wide, short thumb and nail are found as often on professional golfers as on stranglers.

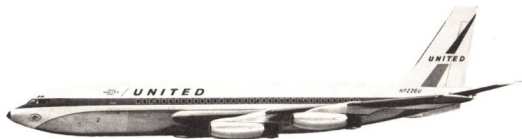
Blue, White & Yellow. Azure crecents in the fingernails sometimes mean that a patient is suffering from Wilson's disease, a disorder that causes copper to collect in the brain, liver and cornea of the eye, and results in progressive tremor. Addison's disease, a serious malfunction of the adrenal glands, shows up in yellow fingernails. Vertically ridged nails may be a sign of nerve-root damage. Liver trouble sometimes results in opaque white nails that will not change color even when squeezed.

The spider man in the freak show and the gangling giant on the basketball court may have a common bond. Marfan's syndrome, first recognized in 1896 by French pediatrician Bernard-Jean Antonin Marfan, is marked by excessive long-bone growth; it gives people elongated arms, legs, fingers and toes, angular heads and faces. One of the surest signs of Marfan's syndrome is a condition known as arachnodactyly—a spidery hand with long, slender fingers of exceptional dexterity. Many such people succumb to some form of heart disease early in life. One suspected Marfan type who escaped this fate was Abraham Lincoln, who had the hands of a skinny giant.



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America's Unofficial Palace—New York's Waldorf Astoria. Most famous hotel in the world—where heads of state hang their hats. But don't let the regal atmosphere fool you. Business travelers really go for the Waldorf. They like the Bull and Bear, among the Waldorf's many famous restaurants. This is a man's restaurant all the way, with a club-like atmosphere that makes business talk more productive. Waldorf location? You couldn't ask to be closer to the headquarters of America's largest companies, surrounding the Waldorf. Services for businessmen? You name it, the Waldorf's got it.

Chicago's Best Located Hotel—The Palmer House. Bound for the Windy City? Sign in for lavish hospitality at one of the world's "grand hotels." Right in the heart of The Loop, minutes from all transportation, incoming highways, the theater, shopping and financial districts, it's the first stop in—the last stop out—on the airport bus. You'll find everything you want right in the hotel—from stenographic service to an exotic Polynesian feast at Trader Vic's and a top-star show. And the Hilton people have embarked on a huge \$10 million remodeling job. What's to come? A resort hotel right in the hotel—complete with pool, cabanas, health club and Sauna baths! They're giving all rooms a new look. Plus new meeting and conference rooms and a 14,000 sq. ft. exhibit hall.

There's no Hotel like The Beverly Hilton, Beverly Hills. If the Los Angeles area is on your itinerary, you owe it to yourself not to pass up this West Coast showplace. It's a vacation in itself. Call for a stenographer and dictate your sales reports down at the pool. Make sure you visit the "Star on the Roof" with its incomparable nighttime panorama. If you're planning a convention, there are facilities aplenty—including the West Coast's largest hotel ballroom. All in all, you'll enjoy lots of sun and find you never had a better trip in your life.

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MILESTONES

Married. Billy Rose, 65, Broadway showman who, as the largest individual owner of A. T. & T. (80,000 shares worth some \$11 million), now spends almost as much time reading the Wall Street Journal as he does Variety; and Doris Warner Vidor, 48, daughter of the late cinemogul Harry Warner; she for the third time, he for the fifth; in Montego Bay, Jamaica.

Married. Levi Eshkol, 68, Premier of Israel, and Miriam Zelikovitch, 34, onetime Israeli Army sergeant, now librarian of Parliament; he for the third time (his first wife divorced him in 1930, his second died in 1959); in a lunch-hour ceremony after which Eshkol hustled off to a foreign policy conference in Jerusalem.

Divorced. By Elizabeth Taylor Hilton Wilding Todd Fisher, 32; Edwin Jack Fisher, 35; on grounds of abandonment, cruelty and inhuman treatment; after almost five years of legal marriage, no children; in Puerto Vallarta, Mexico. It was, as they say, a Mexican standoff. Eddie being in Puerto Rico while Liz was in Toronto with the leading candidate to stretch her name by six more letters; but Liz did not have to be there in person, and when no one showed up from Eddie's side during the 21-day waiting period, Liz's lawyers won the award "by default."

Died. Colonel John Charles Nickerson Jr., 48, U.S. Army missileer who publicly attacked a 1956 Pentagon decision to limit the Army to short-range missiles, for which he earned a court-martial and a tour of duty in the Canal Zone, but vindication when an Army Jupiter put the first U.S. satellite into orbit; in an auto accident; near Alamogordo, N. Mex.

Died. Susan Edwards Wagner, 54, wife of New York's Democratic Mayor Robert F. Wagner, a quiet blonde from the staunchly Republican suburb of Greenwich, Conn., who, as hostess in the past ten years at Manhattan's executive residence, Gracie Mansion, entertained expedient thousands who roamed through the house pinching souvenirs; of lung cancer; in Manhattan.

Died. Thomas Winston Briggs, 77, founder and president of Welcome Wagon International, who in 1928, out of "a desire to contribute to human happiness," first set Welcome Wagon hostesses to dropping in on newcomers in town with baskets of gifts from local merchants, a system so beneficial to trade that Briggs extended the system to 2,000 U.S. and Canadian cities, collected fees from merchants (at \$10 to \$30 a basket) that in the last decade alone came to well over \$100 million; of cancer; in Manhattan.

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U.S. BUSINESS

AUTOS

Unmasking the Mustang

The most talked about—and least seen—auto of the year is the Ford Mustang, a new sports car that the company has been guarding for public introduction on April 13. Thus it was little wonder that Fred Olmsted, the automotive editor of Detroit's Free Press, stopped in astonishment last week when, in a Detroit parking lot, he spotted a red convertible emblazoned with the insignia of a galloping stallion. Olmsted recognized the car as the top-secret Mustang, rushed to a telephone to summon a photographer. Within less than ten minutes, the Free Press had the first public pictures of the car, and Ford saw its carefully tailored plans for secrecy shattered.

At first, Ford officials tried to persuade the Free Press not to run the pictures. When that failed, they began to look for the culprit. Since the Mustang's license plate was visible in one of the photos, the investigation did not take long. The Mustang's driver was none other than the nephew of Ford Chairman Henry Ford II, Walter Buhl ("Buhlie") Ford III, at 20 already something of a legendary cut up around Grosse Pointe, the baronial suburb east of Detroit.

Buhlie's mother, Josephine ("Dody") Ford, is the younger sister of Henry II and the wife of Walter Buhl Ford II, an industrial designer who is no kin to the automotive dynasts. Hearing all the talk of the Mustang, Dody asked her brother to let her try it. (Henry himself has been driving one on the freeway between Dearborn and Grosse Pointe, where the chances of being spotted by a photographer are slight.) When Buhlie



PEEK PREVIEW IN DETROIT PARKING LOT
The search for the culprit was short.

cast his eye on the fire-engine-red Mustang in the family garage, he could not resist taking a spin, then somewhat carelessly parked the car in a lot near the Sheraton-Cadillac Hotel, one of downtown Detroit's busiest spots. As Buhlie left the parking lot, he told the attendant: "It's a hot job."

Though Buhlie's exploit caused something of an uproar at Ford, the pictures certainly proved that the Mustang, which goes into mass production this week at Ford's River Rouge assembly plant in Dearborn, is indeed handsome. It has a rectangular, Ferrari-like front grille and a low, racy silhouette, but its most attractive feature is probably its price—less than \$2,500. At any rate, Buhlie was not letting the matter disrupt his own plans. A few days after he unmasked the Mustang, he and Barbara Monroe Posselius, 18, were married in Grosse Pointe. The happy couple rode away in a 1964 Mercury sedan.

Still in the Driver's Seat

Competition in the rent-a-car business has turned into a wide-open melee aimed at knocking Hertz out of the driver's seat. Avis ads try to make a virtue out of running a poor second ("We try harder"). Third-place National Car Rental advertises somewhat ruefully that no one has to wait in line for one of its cars. And across the U.S., dozens of rental firms are offering cut-rate charges, hoping to sting giant Hertz, which does nearly a third of all car renting.

Hertz has counterattacked its two big competitors by offering \$50 in credit to anyone who has a complaint about a Hertz car he rents; in a gibe at Avis' line about how its ashtrays are always clean, Hertz quips that there are "no ifs, ands or butts" about the offer. Last week Hertz moved against its budget competition as well by announcing the formation of a new company, called Valcar Rentals Corp., that will rent full-sized cars at discount rates.

Disgruntled Urbanites. The strange thing about all the competition is that nobody seems to be getting hurt—least of all Hertz. Year after year Hertz rev-

enues reach new records (\$198 million last year from renting and leasing 62,800 cars and trucks). Avis helped boost its revenues 11% last year with its ad campaign, turned a 1962 loss of \$3,000,000 into a \$1,200,000 profit. National is also making steady gains. The budget renters are growing fastest of all. The largest of them, Chicago-based Budget Rent-A-Car System, has gone from \$600,000 in revenues four years ago to an anticipated \$18 million this year.

One reason for the rental boom is that each year more tourists and businessmen discover the convenience of flying to their destination, then renting a car to drive around in while they are there. Moreover, city dwellers in greater numbers are becoming disgruntled at high garage bills and insurance costs, and are turning to rental cars for their drive to the country. Since 1962 the number of rental cars has risen from 80,000 to 105,000—each of which may be rented several times a week—and the industry's revenues have gone from \$250 million to an estimated \$370 million this year.

Never Served Before. In announcing Valcar's birth, Hertz President Giles A. Wanamaker insisted that Hertz is not moving into economy rentals because it is losing sales to the budget renters but because budget rentals have smoked out customers that the car renters have never served before—and Hertz wants its share of them. Valcar will offer all the regular features in its rented cars (radio, seat belts, etc.) but will eliminate such extras as revolving credit, airport locations, car delivery and wide choice of models. It will rent a Chevrolet Impala for \$6 a day plus 6¢ a mile with no gasoline included v. \$10 a day plus 10¢ per mile and free gasoline for a regular Hertz car.

With the power of Hertz behind it, Valcar should soon be a major contender in budget renting. But there will still be plenty of business for everyone. In the U.S., 94 million people drive cars, and so far only about 4% of them have tried renting.



BUHLIE FORD
"It's a hot job."



CHAIRMAN ROLL AND PRODUCTS



VICE PRESIDENTS TESTING CEREALS

CORPORATIONS

Telling the World About Breakfast

What do Cornucius say?

Man with broken leg make no complaints.

No complaints?

Can't kick.

This joke, which may be just about right for an eight-year-old, is one of many similar "Cornucius" gags that will soon assault U.S. households. It is part of a radio ad campaign launched this week by the Kellogg Co. of Battle Creek, Mich., a firm that enjoys feeding the nation corn through its eyes and ears as well as through its esophagus. Kellogg is the world's largest maker of ready-to-eat cereals, and its 25 plants, serving 150 countries, turn out the equivalent of 9 billion bowls of cereal a year in 19 varieties. Last week, reporting on 1963, Kellogg announced the highest sales (\$321.5 million) and earnings (\$28.2 million) in its history.

Yogi & Huck. A big bite of these profits came from such Kellogg basics as corn flakes, which Founder Will Kellogg began to market in 1906 as a health food, and Rice Krispies, whose snap, crackle, pop is part of American folklore. To keep crackling, Kellogg's puts its faith in new products, has introduced ten new cereals in the last 13 years. The latest is a circular, multicolored, fruit-flavored oat cereal called Froot Loops, which Kellogg's is pushing as suitable—or possibly sootable—for all the family from 5 to 95. Just as pre-sugared cereals became the big sellers of the '50s, Froot Loops may signal a new trend in the '60s toward fruit-flavored cereals.

As with soap or cigarettes, cereal selling is essentially aggressive marketing. Kellogg's has cornered 43% of the U.S. market—double that of either General Foods or General Mills—by doggedly making breakfast and cereal synonymous. The company preaches nutrition and flavor with countless advertisements, 15 television shows (including the top-ranked Beverly Hillsbillies) and afternoon cartoon shows on 180 local stations that feature such fetching salesmen as Yogi Bear, Woody Woodpecker and Huckleberry Hound. All this has

A duty to spread corn.

helped put four Kellogg cereals—Corn Flakes, Rice Krispies, Special K and Sugar Frosted Flakes—among the industry's top seven sellers.

Knisper, Knasper, Knusper. Like the late Will Kellogg, the company's officers and directors look upon cereal selling as a solemn mission. President and Chairman Lyle Roll, 56, a onetime door-to-door Kellogg's salesman, eats at least two bowls of cereal a day (morning and before bed), and sometimes a third when he drops in on the daily taste testing conducted by company executives. Nowadays, Roll's time is taken up largely by Kellogg's rapidly expanding international sales, which account for about 30% of its total volume. "Our future," says Roll, "is pointed toward educating the world about breakfast."

Selling in 13 languages, Kellogg's holds about 45% of the U.S. ready-to-eat cereal export trade. There is, of course, scattered resistance. The French, used to having munchy croissants or brioches for breakfast with their *café au lait*, shrink from the crunchy corn flake. The Brazilians, to Kellogg's great distress, have no precise word for "breakfast," and prefer coffee and toast for their first meal of the day. But elsewhere, notably in England, Australia and South Africa, cereal sales are strong. Norwegians call for "Flikk Flakk" in the morning when they want corn flakes, and in Germany snap, crackle, pop comes out *knisper, knasper, knusper*. Even the Japanese are asking for Kellogg Corn Frakes these days.

REAL ESTATE

Spiraling Land

While economists debate whether the U.S. is about to take off on another inflationary spiral, inflation is already rampant in one key area of economic life: land. In many cases, the price of land has risen as much as 1,000% in the last decade. A growing population, the migration from cities to suburbia, increased prosperity and widespread speculation have all pushed up land prices and made old Henry Ford's dictum come true in a way that he never anticipated: "The soil is the source of wealth—not the banks." The worth of

all the land in the U.S. is half a trillion dollars—nearly twice the assets of all commercial banks.

Price Kills. Whether East or West, whether for an apartment building or for a highway, land rises in cost almost every month. The only exceptions are a few pockets, such as Denver and Pittsburgh, where present and future housing needs are saturated. An acre of ground in California, a half-hour away from Disneyland, that sold for \$2,200 less than three years ago now brings as much as \$13,500. Within a year, lot costs in southwest Houston have jumped \$1,200 to \$5,500. And on Long Island, the price of land has gone from 10% of a house's cost to 25% in five years. "Land is getting scarce," says Winchell Royce of the Long Island Home Builders Institute, "and whoever owns it advances his price."

Booming land prices seriously affect the big housing developers, who must construct more expensive homes to recover the cost of the plot and thus risk losing their mass market. Dallas' Centex Construction Co., the fourth biggest U.S. home builder, had to go 20 miles outside Chicago to find land cheap enough for its middle-income Elk Grove Village. The asking price for virgin land 30 miles from San Diego—with no houses around, no sewage or water service—is \$3,500 an acre. Sometimes the price can kill a project. After land along a Houston freeway doubled in price, developers would have had to put up homes in the \$30,000 class to make a profit. The tract lies vacant because no one wants to pay that much to live by the side of a highway.

The Trigger. Prices naturally rise fastest in the most rapidly growing and most crowded areas: California, Florida, Arizona and metropolitan New York. In the East, prices get a boost from many suburban communities that resort to "snob zoning" to keep out the creeping city. Reasoning that an influx of families in matchbox homes would overload their schools with children, these communities have zoned all lots for one, two and three acres. "They're attempting birth control by zoning," says Royce.

Some experts fear that sooner or lat-

Another page from the A. O. Smith story

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Why everybody and his brother is trying to make an electric toothbrush

(and why they still can't beat Broxodent, the one from Squibb)

Back in 1960, thousands of people started brushing their teeth in an entirely new way. The Squibb Division of Olin had just introduced Broxodent, the first automatic toothbrush.

They ran their tongues over their teeth and agreed: here at last was a way to get teeth thoroughly clean, gums completely refreshed. Thousands more have switched to Broxodent brushing over the years.

Now everybody's making automatic toothbrushes. Shaver manufacturers. Mixer manu-

facturers. Here's why we think Broxodent is still the best of the bunch:

1. There are no batteries to weaken or conk out. You get full power every time you plug it in.
2. The Broxodent handle is waterproof.
3. The action is up-and-down, up-and-down.
4. It's thorough, but it's gentle. The speed is controlled to 120 strokes per second.
5. Every part was designed for automatic toothbrushing and nothing but. Motor. Bristles. Brush head.

6. The tiny head, with its concentration of over 1500 bristles, was designed to get around easily and dislodge even the tiniest food particles. (It's good for tiny mouths, too.)

7. Broxodent was tested in dental clinics for two years before Squibb would let you have it. And Squibb never stops testing.

When you switch to automatic brushing, remember two things.

It's our business.
It's your teeth.

er there will have to be a reckoning. What would happen if land prices ever begin to slide? For one thing, many speculators who borrowed money to buy property on the gamble that land inflation would continue might be forced to sell off to pay their debts. For another, banks and savings and loan associations that are lending money on the inflated values might not be able to retrieve the full amount of their mortgages, would find themselves in serious trouble. All this could trigger a price collapse that would burst the land-boom bubble, but few expect this to happen soon—if at all. Despite the high prices, strong and rising demand still supports the cost of land.

TECHNOLOGY

The Unstickables

What is the opposite of adhesive? The word is adhesive, and it was coined by a scientist several years ago to describe something that refuses to let other material cling to it. The substance



TEFLON-COATED MUFFIN PAN
Something like a wet bar of soap.

that inspired the word is a peculiar and promising product called Teflon, a slippery white plastic that feels something like a wet bar of soap.* Discovered in 1938 almost accidentally by Du Pont scientists who were working on fluorocarbon refrigerants, Teflon has other valuable properties: it will burn only when directly exposed to flame, is a superior electrical insulator and resists tears and impact.

At first, no one knew quite what to do with it. Since then Du Pont has spent \$100 million to develop Teflon and similar substances, and so many uses have been found for Teflon that it has taken its place as one of the "miracle" products. American consumers were introduced to it only two years ago, when European companies

that had mastered the technique of bonding Du Pont's plastic to other materials began exporting Teflon-coated frying pans to the U.S. To the astonishment of U.S. housewives, eggs, meat, even cheese and pancakes, required no fat for frying and could quickly be removed from the pan without sticking.

U.S. companies have since begun making many cooking utensils with Teflon, but the material has moved far beyond the stove. Last week Du Pont announced that it will mass-produce thin, transparent Teflon film, the latest variety of the plastic, at a new Circleville, Ohio, plant, and will cut the base price from \$10 to \$9 per lb.

Electronics companies are making printed circuits out of Teflon, which can be sliced to one two-thousandths of an inch. Teflon is used in barbecue gloves that will not scorch, in missile nose cones and in fireproof suits. Ovens and muffin tins are coated with Teflon, and a coating of Teflon is applied to some electric irons to make them slide more easily across cloth. Auto bearings, bushings and ball joints are now being made of Teflon, and engineers look for the day when they can use it to eliminate car lubrication. Surgeons are using Teflon tubing successfully to replace artery sections. Steinway even turns out a piano with 1,130 Teflon bushings that replace conventional cloth, which shrinks, expands and eventually rots.

RETAILING

Silent Salesmen

Selling by catalogue, which long ago ceased being aimed mostly at rural America, today is the fastest-growing trend in retailing since the birth of the discount store. Catalogue sales have grown 60% in the last decade, rose 10% to a record \$2.4 billion. Though the market is still dominated by Sears, Montgomery Ward, Spiegel and Aldens, more and more companies are entering the field. Six months ago giant J. C. Penney (1,667 chain stores) began selling by catalogue. Last week another big company made a strong bid to win a foothold in the market: Western Auto Supply Co. (1963 sales: \$326 million) mailed the first of 7,000,000 catalogues that will offer auto supplies, appliances and sporting goods through its 4,500 outlets.

The typical catalogue buyer in 1964 is an urban dweller, shops by telephone rather than by mail or drops in at special catalogue stores that deliver merchandise quickly from a central warehouse. The customer profits by lower prices and a wider selection than most stores can offer, and companies are attracted to catalogue selling by the saving in inventory, rent and labor costs. A company expects to glean an average of \$35 in sales from each big book, which costs \$2 to produce and may contain as many as 140,000 items—from a Mexican burro to the 1928 Model A Ford parts still offered by Sears.

PERSONALITIES

AS president of California's Ampex Corp., William E. Roberts, 49, has talked softly but swung a sharp ax. Called in three years ago to reshape the overexpanded manufacturer of recording equipment, he slashed away at excess executives and profitless products, pulled together Ampex's loose divisions under his own strong central control. Last week, having brought the company back from a \$3,900,000 loss in 1960 to a \$5,000,000 profit in 1963, Bill Roberts felt strong enough to expand: in a stock swap, Ampex took over Mandrel Industries Inc., a maker of complicated equipment for finding oil, which grossed \$21 million last year. No scientist himself, Roberts was forced by the Depression to leave Illinois' Lake Forest College, made his way up to executive vice-president at Bell & Howell before joining Ampex. Though he is a business generalist, he has high regard for specialists. Even in Ampex's lean years, he expanded its technical staff, saw the investment pay off when the company turned out 24 new products last year.

JOE MURROE

WILLIAM E. ROBERTS



SEN MARTIN



THOMAS C. DILLON

A WORD of advice from his father, who was editor of the Minneapolis Tribune, convinced Thomas Church Dillon to give up his boyhood ambition of becoming a newspaperman. Said Dad: "When a publisher decides to economize, he looks at his reporters as the guys who spend the money, and at his advertising men as the guys who make the money. Now, who do you think he fires?" Dillon became an ad-man. Leaving Harvard in 1936 without graduating, he joined Batten, Barton, Durstine & Osborn, now the world's fourth largest agency (1963 billings: \$428 million). Last week, at 48, Dillon became B.B.D.O.'s president and heir apparent to Chairman Charles Brower, 62. Like the more flamboyant Brower, Dillon is a copywriter, has concocted such forgettable slogans as the Northern Pacific Railway's "Main Street of the Northwest" and "Standard [Oil] takes better care of your car." Advertising can be automated, Dillon believes; B.B.D.O. will soon launch a system that—by feeding complicated market-testing results into a computer—is hopefully expected to lower the 90% failure rate of new products.

* The fluorine atoms in a molecule of Teflon form such a tightly bonded structure around the substance's carbon atoms that the molecules of other materials that touch Teflon have little opportunity to stick to it.

WORLD BUSINESS

HONG KONG

Wooring & Growing

Through Hong Kong's twisting, crowded streets drove Gina Lollobrigida, riding alternately in a gold-painted Fiat and a jinrikisha, and extolling at every stop the virtues of Italian products. Not to be outdone, the French dispatched Starlet Mylene Demongeot on a Hong Kong tour to draw attention to a display of French products. The tiny (398 sq. mi.) crown colony is used to being wooed. It is one of the busiest and most prosperous spots in the Orient, important both to neighboring Red China and to foreign companies that want to do business in the Far East. In his annual report to the legislature, Governor Sir Robert Black reported that Hong Kong's economy is growing at the rate of 10% to 15% a year. "It is," said he, "an astonishing picture."

Hong Kong draws business with a burgeoning economy, now in its 16th year of boom, strategic location, low taxes, good transportation, accent on free enterprise and a reputation as the Switzerland of the Far East. The colony spent nearly \$100 million last year for new factories and apartment and office buildings, attracted a growing wave of tourists who left behind \$100 million. Its exports, chiefly fabrics, clothing and toys, rose 15% to \$807 million; 21% of them go to the U.S., its chief customer.

Attracted by this progress, foreign companies are steadily setting up branches in Hong Kong. Seattle's Bank of Commerce last week became the fifth U.S. bank to open an office in the colony; British and overseas Chinese are funneling in funds for investing in



CONCORDE IN WOOD MOCK-UP
Trouble before takeoff.

WESTERN EUROPE

Clouds over the Concorde

The announcement that the U.S. already has a plane flying at three times the speed of sound last week sent shock waves across Britain and France, which had been confident of winning air supremacy with their Concorde supersonic transport. Lockheed's A-11, and the American technological breakthroughs it implies, make it almost certain that the U.S. will produce a supersonic plane that will be bigger, faster and cheaper to operate than the Mach 2.2 Concorde. Headlined Paris-Press: THE A-11 AIRCRAFT—A GRAVE MENACE TO THE CONCORDE. Echoed Le Figaro: THE CONCORDE IS CONSIDERED OUTMODED. In fact, the A-11 is only one more blow to the Concorde, which has been running into increasing trouble.

More Serious Problem. The plane has been plagued by stormy arguments between its builders, British Aircraft Corp. and France's Sud-Aviation. The partners have been forced to plan major structural changes and to push back the Concorde's delivery dates from 1970 to 1971, cutting its lead time over the planned U.S. supersonic craft. The Concorde will also cost more than originally intended: buyers will not pay \$7,000,000 or \$8,000,000 but closer to \$10,000,000. Such airlines as Alitalia, El Al and Air-India have ordered the U.S. supersonic plane instead of the Concorde, and even Air France and British Overseas Airways Corp. have abandoned their single-minded reliance on the Concorde by ordering the U.S. plane as well.

The Concorde's most serious problem—and the cause of the delays and arguments—is technological. As originally designed, the plane would be able

to travel no farther than New York to Paris nonstop, and carry too few passengers (110 or less) for many airlines to turn a profit. In heated meetings with the French, the British have lately argued that the Concorde would be woefully outmatched by the planned U.S. plane, which will have up to 35% more speed and 100% more seats. Too much prestige is involved for the British and French to scrap the Concorde, despite rumors that they might, but they have already shelved plans to build a medium-range version of it.

Moreover, they are straining hard to add 12% more power to the Concorde's Bristol Siddeley engines and to enlarge its Sud-Aviation wings so that the plane can fly as far as New York-Frankfurt. Even with those hurry-up changes, it would not be able to reach Rome or to speed up to Mach 3. Reason: its designers are committed to building it out of aluminum, which warps and melts at the higher speed, instead of waiting to master the techniques of working with tougher titanium, used in the A-11.

Memories of a Comet. These are the penalties that the Anglo-French combine must pay for its urge to be first. Though Sud-Aviation began cutting metal for the Concorde in December, the U.S. is still mulling over three designs submitted by Boeing, Lockheed, North American Aviation, is not scheduled to make a choice until at least May. The news of the A-11, however, proved that the U.S. is ahead in aircraft metallurgy and close to matching the Concorde in other areas. Says one Sud-Aviation engineer: "We realize that the Americans can do in six months what has taken us three years."

To other airmen, today's competition seems like a reprise of the original, subsonic jet race a decade ago: Britain's Comets were the first aloft, but the Americans soon passed them with faster, larger, longer-flying 707s and DC-8s.

COMMON MARKET

Eurocrats, Unite!

The Eurocrats, that new breed of international civil servants employed by the Common Market, are dedicated men. In the interests of efficiency, they are pushing for a merger of the Market's three separate governing organizations—the European Economic Community, the European Coal and Steel Community and the Atomic Energy Community. They have also prepared voluminous reports about Western Europe's growing inflation, with its soaring prices and wages. One result: the 7,000 Eurocrats, who are now unionized, are demanding an 8% pay raise of their own. Last week, after the Common Market offered only 2%, the Eurocrats threatened to go out on strike.



GINA IN A JINRIKISHA
How to draw attention.



SPRUCING UP JACK DANIEL'S OLD OFFICE is a yearly chore in the Hollow because it's still our favorite sitting place.

We moved into our new office next door to this one ten years ago. But we still like to sit here and listen to the old-timers recall how Mr. Jack declared: "Every day we make whiskey, we'll make it the best we can!" Lem Motlow, Mr. Jack's nephew, was fond of saying that, too. And a sip of our whiskey, we believe, will tell you Mr. Lem's four sons have taken care to carry on that tradition.



CHARCOAL
MELLOWED


 DROP

 BY DROP

© 1963, Jack Daniel Distillery, Lem Motlow, Prop., Inc.

TENNESSEE WHISKEY • 90 PROOF BY CHOICE • DISTILLED AND BOTTLED BY JACK DANIEL DISTILLERY • LYNCHBURG (POP. 384), TENN.

TIME, MARCH 13, 1964

real estate and local businesses. Even Red China is profiting by Hong Kong's prosperity: since it sells more than 20 times as much to the colony as it buys, it earns much of its foreign exchange through the capitalist outpost at its doorstep.

Not content with being wooed, Hong Kong is doing some wooing of its own. Last week a 56-man trade delegation was in Singapore trying to sell Hong Kong goods, and other delegations left for Europe and the U.S. The colony's aggressive salesmen hope to bring home the full order books needed to sustain Hong Kong's remarkable growth.

ISRAEL

Success at Sea

Most of the Jewish refugees who went from Europe to Palestine after World War II were carried by a poorly equipped and hastily organized shipping fleet whose craft were bought, begged or borrowed wherever they could be. Founded by two Zionist groups, the tiny line—named ZIM from a contraction



ZIM'S WYDRA

Disagreement in the galley.

of two Hebrew words meaning merchant marine—ran the British blockade with such doughty ships as the *Exodus*, the inspiration of the novel by Leon Uris. Today ZIM sails on as a firm worth an estimated \$140 million; its six passenger ships and 34 freighters carry 41% of all Israel's imports and 26% of its exports. This year ZIM plans to add another 19 cargo ships, which will make it one of the world's dozen largest lines, comparing respectably with Cunard (whose gross tonnage is actually smaller than ZIM's) and U.S. Lines.

Last week, nearly 20 years after its founding as a refugee runner, ZIM added to its fleet a handsome new flagship. From St. Nazaire's Chantiers de l'Atlantique, famed builder of the *Normandie* and *France*, it took delivery of the *Shalom* (Peace), a \$20 million, 24,500-ton luxury liner that will make her maiden voyage to New York next month.

Though partially state-controlled, ZIM is run with the profit-consciousness of a private enterprise by its general manager, Naftali Wydra, a lawyer

who fled Berlin in the '30s, managed to get to Palestine, and helped the Zionists set up kibbutzim right under British noses. On its 1963 revenues of \$67 million, the line earned a modest \$1,000,000. In directing a worldwide enterprise that employs 3,800 Israelis, Wydra, who has headed ZIM since its founding, faces some unique problems. Because ZIM cannot use the Arab-owned Suez Canal, it must divide its fleet between Israel's Mediterranean and Red Sea ports, thus cannot always have its ships where it needs them most. Wydra's plan to serve nonkosher as well as kosher food aboard the *Shalom* to broaden the ship's appeal brought on protests from Israel's vociferous orthodox party that forced him to back down. ZIM also faces a severe shortage of skilled seamen; it is so bad, in fact, that Wydra must allow ships' officers and some crew members to take their families to sea with them.

WEST GERMANY

G.M. v. Everybody

The Mercedes has long ruled the autobahn as a symbol of affluence for West Germany's economic *Wunderkinder*. Though still the most elegant German car on the road, Mercedes is now being challenged by a brash newcomer. Last week German auto buyers began to place orders for a set of autos created specifically to overtake Mercedes. The challenger is Opel, General Motors' West German subsidiary and Europe's most exciting automaker.

Sales on the Rise. Opel's challengers are three new sedans whose handsome lines show a trace of Detroit breeding while retaining a pleasing European touch. Designed by former Chevrolet Stylist Clare MacKichan, who was dispatched to Germany for the job, the cars use already developed engines and identical body shells, are made by Germany's most automated auto plants. Opel was thus able to price its \$2,270 Kapitän, its \$3,050 Admiral and its \$4,400 Diplomat as much as \$300 to \$1,700 below Mercedes models of roughly similar size, interior appointments, power and styling sophistication.

Opel last year increased its output by 54%, the biggest production gain of any major automaker in the world; it also raised its sales to \$775 million and made a \$40 million profit. Equally important, Opel last year enlarged its share of the competitive German auto market from 16% to 23% at the expense of a tough rival, Volkswagen. The Opel auto that did the trick is the little Kadett, which was introduced 18 months ago. After a slow start, the Kadett finally caught on; Opel sold so many Kadetts (177,443) in 1963 that Volkswagen's share of the market declined from 34% to 28%.

Way to Go. Clever strategy is behind Opel's new models. Bought by G.M. in 1929, Opel lost most of its factories to Allied bombs; much of what was left was carted off to Russia. The company



KAPITÄN



ADMIRAL



DIPLOMAT

Out to overtake.

pulled itself together after the war by producing medium-priced and thoroughly unexciting autos that became the favorites of German small businessmen, who would have felt out of place driving a Mercedes. But in the early 1960s, after the company had recovered its financial health, Opel's Ohio-born Managing Director Nelson J. Stork, 59, a veteran in G.M.'s overseas divisions, began to level his sights on Volkswagen in the low-cost range and Mercedes in the high-priced group. Says Stork: "We decided to shoot for more customers and try to keep them by offering everything from a one-liter small car to the biggest."

Opel still has a way to go before it overtakes Volkswagen or Daimler-Benz, the maker of Mercedes, both of whose annual sales are well above the \$1 billion mark. But Director Stork can draw confidence from the fact that his strategy of offering many models is precisely the same one that Opel's U.S. parent used in the late 1920s to sail past Ford and become the world's largest automaker.

Competition was appearing for Volkswagen on other fronts as well. Introduced in the U.S. last week was a part new British auto, the Sunbeam Imp. Made by the Rootes group and powered by a rear-placed aluminum engine, it seats four and sells on the East Coast for \$1,495, which is \$100 less than the beetle-backed Volkswagen.



THE SUNBEAM IMP
Under the beetle.



The Big Difference between a man like this and an insurance company salesman might save you thousands of dollars when your car or home is damaged

This man is an independent insurance agent. That is, he represents not one but several strong insurance companies. He is thus free to choose the best insurance for your car, home, or business at the best price — and to make

sure you are paid promptly and fairly when you have a loss. He makes no charge for these services.

On the other hand, your contact with an insurance company salesman usually ends when he

has sold you the policy which his particular company offers.

Why take less than the best? When you insure, be sure you benefit from The Big Difference in insurance. Look for the Big "I" Seal.



smartest thing on the rocks



Rocks that don't melt symbolize the flavor of straight B&B. Eloquent. Magnificent. Dry. Yes, B&B is *the drier liqueur*. The only proper blend of B&B is made and bottled in the abbey at Fecamp, France. That's where exquisite Benedictine is blended with superb cognac to produce the perfect B&B. Benedictine's own B&B. Always uniform. Always delicious.



Let This Seal Be Your Guide To Quality. B&B Proof.

Rocks that melt symbolize the modern way to serve B&B. Easy. Informal. Refreshing. At your next dinner party, after coffee, serve B&B on the rocks. Here's a grand tradition with new appeal.

The drier liqueur



Tokyo Manhunt

Stray Dog, made in 1949 by Japanese Director Akira Kurosawa, is a less expert thriller but a deeper movie than his recent *High and Low*. Both are cops-and-robbers chase films, starring Toshiro Mifune. But the older work, aglow with zest and freshness, displays abundantly two qualities of Kurosawa's ripening genius: the ability to make moving pictures move, and an aching compassion for his fellow men.

The story is so naively contrived that the audience at times must swallow it out of simple generosity. Mifune—appearing 15 years trimmer and every muscular inch a star—plays an idealistic rookie detective whose confidence is shaken when a pickpocket steals his .38 Colt on a crowded bus. He plunges into the Tokyo underworld to find it; and in a long sequence without a word of dialogue interrupting the flow of images, Kurosawa pulls the viewer right in after him. Mifune joins forces with a wise old sleuth (Takashi Shimura), and the two men track a killer through a series of crimes keyed to the seven deadly bullets in the missing gun.

But Kurosawa uses plot merely as a device to view postwar Japan—a nation laid waste, exhausted in defeat, sorting out by slow social processes the stray dogs that forage among the ruins. Though the film runs two hours, much longer than necessary, its best scenes are unforgettably good. Cheering throngs at a Tokyo baseball stadium provide background for one tingling chase. In a city overcome by heat, the camera searches a line of chorus girls collapsed on a dressing-room floor, flesh glistening with sweat, each face a breathless distillation of despair. After a murder, a closeup of a splattered tomato—despite the obvious symbolism—suddenly, almost insidiously, conveys the whole meaning of horror and grief combined.

In the film's brilliant climax, Mifune and his quarry battle in a flower-strewn thicket outside a suburban home where a housewife is practicing the piano. Mifune is shot, but hunter and hunted go on fighting through mud and marsh until they drop at last onto a bed of shrubbery. As a group of children go singsonging along the road nearby, both lie gasping, indistinguishable one from the other. Which is which? Kurosawa tenderly draws the line between good and evil; the killer begins to sob.

Replenishing Sophia

Yesterday, Today and Tomorrow. There is more to Sophia Loren than meets the eye, and Director Vittorio De Sica is the man who sees it. In *Gold of Naples* he showed the world that Sophia is socko as a liddown comic. In *Two Women* he gave the girl an accelerated course of Duse and don'ts that revealed enough talent for tragedy to win her a

1961 Oscar. And in this picture, a hairily hilarious but fundamentally innocent little comedy, De Sica displays Sophia as a warm and earthy and even rather subtle comedienne.

In *Adelina*, longest of the three short films assembled in *Yesterday, Today and Tomorrow*, Sophia plays a local girl who makes good by selling butts on the black market. Grimly the *carabinieri* come to arrest her. Proudly Sophia



LOREN AS ADELINA



AS ANNA



AS MARA

The humor is dry, but the fun is juicy.

points to her tummy. She is pregnant, and Italian law provides that a pregnant woman may not be imprisoned—and neither may a nursing mother.

Boing! A big idea explodes in Sophia's pretty little skull: if she wants to stay in business, she had better stay with child. Next time the *carabinieri* come, Sophia once more proudly points—and the next time and the next. In approximately seven years she has seven babies, but before she can make it eight her husband (Marcello Mastroianni) collapses in se exhaustion. "Goodbye," she bellows scornfully at poor Marcello as she is led away to prison. "Goodbye, you fairy!"

In *Anna*, a brief intermezzo, Sophia plays a rich bitch who tries to persuade her bohemian lover that she doesn't care a fig for her husband's filthy lucre and all the disgusting bourgeois things it can buy. Like, say, the Rolls-Royce they are riding in. "Here, take the wheel," she announces grandly. "I don't care. I love you." Maybe so. But by a

strange coincidence the affair ends up on the rocks when the car ends up in a ditch.

In *Mara*, most amusing of the three episodes, Sophia plays a prostitute with principles. One fine day the boy next door, who is studying for the priesthood, starts to wonder what he really wants: salvation or Sophia? Sophia is amused, but she puts business (Marcello) before pleasure. A man of imagination, Marcello jumps into bed and beseeches her: "P-p-pretend you're a v-v-virgin!" Sophia prepares to comply, but just then the grandmother of the boy next door arrives. "Help!" the old lady hollers. "My grandson wants to leave holy orders and marry you!" Marcello bites his nails until Sophia returns. "Let's make love in the kitchen!" he suggests with an eager leer. "Help!" the old lady hollers again at the back door. "He's going to join the Foreign Legion!" And so on, till at last Sophia starts to strip, then suddenly stops.

"I just remembered," she informs her stupefied customer. "I promised Our Lady that if that boy went back to the seminary I'd give up sex for a week!"

For a week. In those three little words De Sica reveals what a sly old dog he is—while the audience is howling at Marcello, the director is secretly smiling at Sophia. Beneath a rather juicy sense of fun he conceals a very dry sense of humor. Dry is the word for Marcello's humor too—time and again he gives up a laugh to get a grin. Smart feller. In this picture the laughs belong to Sophia.

Boredom in Bedlam

Shock Treatment is more than a slip, it's a Freudian pratfall. It makes a shambles of psychiatry and brings the art of film close to idiocy. Stuart Whitman is hired to bluff his way into a mental hospital where Psychotic Killer Roddy McDowall may or may not reveal the location of \$1,000,000 in stolen cash. But malevolent Psychiatrist Lauren Bacall also craves money, to continue her research. When she hits on Whitman's game, she prescribes electroshock therapy, then injects a concoction into his jugular vein to induce catatonia.

The "horrible twisted images" Whitman reports seeing may well be his fellow players, feigning madness in the best amateur style while a sound track symphony booms music to go to pieces by. As a manic-depressive sex kitten, Carol Lynley somehow suggests that a good fortified cereal would put her back together again. McDowall and Whitman, tending the rose garden, make thorny work of it. And Actress Bacall, woefully miscast, exercises her steel-and-velvet charm as if she were running a rest home for demented Bunnies. Bacall's throatiest, most telling line: "I detest stupid people who think they can fake mental illness." Fortunately, nobody need submit to *Shock Treatment* unless he is dragged in screaming.

Intellectuals As Racists

RACE: THE HISTORY OF AN IDEA IN AMERICA by Thomas F. Gossett. 512 pages. S.M.U. Press. \$6.95.

"Negroes have a very strong and disagreeable odor. They seem to require less sleep. Their love is ardent but it kindles the senses only, not the imagination. In reason they are much inferior to whites; in imagination, they are dull, tasteless and anomalous. Their griefs are transient."

The words might be those of a Bilbo, a Rankin or any number of red-necks. In fact, they are the considered opinion of the author of the Declaration of Independence, Thomas Jeffer-

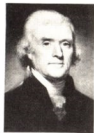
white races were at the bottom of the evolutionary scale.

American intellectuals, whether liberals or conservatives, scientists or creative artists, fell hard for Social Darwinism. Wrote Jack London, the friend of the masses: "Socialism is devised so as to give more strength to these certain kindred favored races so that they may survive and inherit the earth to the extinction of the lesser, weaker races." Theodore Roosevelt declared: "The most vicious cowboy has more moral principle than the average Indian." Poet-Essayist Oliver Wendell Holmes described the Indians as a "sketch in red crayons of a rudimental manhood. The white man hunts him down like the wild beasts of the forest,

A whole school of psychologists sprang up, began to administer tests to one and all. When the children of a white bank president scored higher than the children of a Negro laborer, these psychologists decided that Negroes were born with less intelligence. When more recent immigrants scored lower than earlier immigrants, the psychologists claimed that the U.S. was being overrun by inferior peoples. They never considered that nearly all these tests had a built-in prejudice. Since the tests were based on patterns of thought peculiar to American culture, the children of illiterate immigrant parents naturally scored lower, whatever their intrinsic intelligence.

It was not until the 1930s that the U.S. intellectual community changed its mind about race, and Gossett gives most of the credit to the great anthro-

CURRIER & IVES



T. JEFFERSON



CURRIER & IVES'S "LAWN TENNIS AT DARKTOWN" (1885)
First phrenology, then noses, then IQ tests.



T. ROOSEVELT

son, who thought that "all men are created equal," except for Negroes. In this painstaking book, Thomas Gossett, English professor at Trinity University in San Antonio, has traced racism to some surprising sources. Racism would not have endured so long, he suggests, if it had not had the wholehearted support of nearly all early American intellectuals. "The frontiersmen either looked forward with pleasure to the extinction of the Indians or at least were indifferent to it," writes Gossett. "The intellectuals were most often equally convinced that the Indians, because of their inherent nature, must ultimately disappear. They were frequently willing to sigh philosophically over the fate of the Indians, but this was an empty gesture."

Falling for Darwin. Racism was rare before the era of colonialism, writes Gossett. People enslaved and oppressed one another, but they seldom justified their action on racial grounds. But in the Victorian age, when white Europeans ruled colored races the world over, racial theories mushroomed. The favorite of these was Social Darwinism, which held that human races evolve like animal species and that the non-

and so the red-crayon sketch is rubbed out, and the canvas is ready for a picture of manhood a little more like God's own image."

One "scientific" test after another was devised to prove the inferiority of colored races. First, phrenology, or the study of skulls, was the rage. Enthusiasts claimed that the bigger the brain cavity, the brighter the person. When Negroes and Chinese turned up with huge brains, racists took to measuring noses. The theory was that the lesser races have longer noses—until it was pointed out that Darwin himself had an exceptionally long nose.

Not content with lording it over Negroes and Indians, historians like Parkman and Prescott exalted the Anglo-Saxon "race" as the best of the white races. The Anglo-Saxons, they declared, were harder, sturdier and more talented in politics. Only Henry Adams bothered to point out that the "invincible" Anglo-Saxons had been conquered twice in the 11th century by supposedly inferior peoples—the Danes and later the Normans.

A Case for the Primitive. Racism was given a big boost by the flowering of intelligence tests during World War I.

pologist Franz Boas, who "did more to combat race prejudice than any other person in history." Boas came to the U.S. from Germany in 1887, stayed to study and live among the Indians. In his *The Mind of Primitive Man*, he made a convincing case that alien societies should be judged on their own merits, not from a narrowly Western viewpoint. Every society has its own complex pattern of behavior; one society is not necessarily more progressive than another. Human behavior is shaped by the particular culture, not by racial inheritance.

Gossett too narrowly restricts himself to the sciences in explaining the antiracist revolution. He barely touches on other forces for change: psychological, philosophical and historical. The upsurge of social conscience during the New Deal played a part; so did the upheaval of World War II. But Gossett admirably documents a forgotten revolution, a revolution so complete that no intellectual today would dare speak of other races the way Jefferson or Teddy Roosevelt did. There may be battles ahead before racial prejudice is overcome in the U.S., but the intellectual battles have been won.



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Field Report

DIPLOMAT AMONG WARRIORS by Robert Murphy. 470 pages. Doubleday, \$6.95.

Other memorialists who have trampled over the well-furrowed ground (roughly 1940 to 1960) covered in *Diplomat Among Warriors* have been quicker to assign blame and point morals. Certainly Robert Murphy was in a position to do so. For two decades his duties took him to the centers of crisis: North Africa, where he laid the groundwork for the U.S.-British landings; Berlin during the airlift; Belgrade, Panmunjom, the Middle East, London during the Suez crisis. But for the most part, Murphy was an implementer, not a maker, of policies. His qualities were composure under fire, persuasiveness and an encyclopedic grasp of detail.

In retrospect, Murphy feels that at one point during his 40-year career he should have resigned in public protest. That was in the summer of 1948 when the Russians had sealed off Berlin and Murphy, who was serving as civilian political adviser to Military Governor Lucius Clay, was summoned with his boss to Washington to discuss the blockade. It consisted at that time of a wooden pole suspended across the highway at Helmsdorf—and removable, Murphy was convinced, by a token show of force. The decision to launch the Berlin airlift seemed to him a serious mistake. The dramatic success of the airlift obscured the reality: that the U.S. had meekly surrendered its claims for "surface-level access." He did not resign, but he adds that he would feel better today about the episode if he had.

By temperament and training, Murphy was committed to "obedience to official policy"—an attitude perhaps admirable in a career diplomat but less so in a memorialist. Thus *Diplomat Among Warriors* has little to say about the overall foreign policy of the period that it covers. But it has a few footnote comments to add to the period's history.

► Pierre Laval was not only "the shrewdest, most forceful personality in Vichy," but an intensely patriotic Frenchman whose tragic flaw was not that he sympathized with Hitler but that he had "astounding ignorance about the Germans and supreme confidence in his ability to outsmart them."

► General de Gaulle, from the time of the Casablanca Conference in 1943, lost all interest in the war and, calculating that victory was certain, "concentrated upon restoring France as a great power." He shared with Stalin the knowledge that he could "exact greater concessions in the midst of total war."

► Generals Matthew Ridgway and Maxwell Taylor were responsible for canceling an airdrop on Rome that, by Murphy's calculations, might have shortened the Italian campaign by eight months. But, he adds, the 82nd Airborne Division was an important part



EISENHOWER & MURPHY
A career of crises.

of the assault plans on Salerno, and may have been withheld for that reason.

► As Roosevelt's personal envoy, Murphy was in on more top secrets than virtually any other man in the foreign service. The North Africa landings in 1942, for example, were kept so secret that neither high American officials nor their French allies, notably Admiral Darlan, knew anything of the plans until the invasion fleet was on its way. Said Roosevelt to Murphy, who was worried because Secretary of State Cordell Hull had not been informed: "Don't worry about Cordell. I will take care of him; I'll tell him our plans a day or so before the landings."

► Truman was a novice in foreign affairs, but he was a quick learner. His first lesson was at Potsdam, where he proposed his pet scheme: the permanent internationalization of all inland waterways. He argued his plan personally before Stalin and received a *nyet* even before the translation into Russian was finished. Murphy was sitting behind Truman, saw him turn to Secretary of State James Byrnes and say in plain astonishment: "Jimmy, do you realize that we have been here seventeen whole days? Why, in seventeen days you can decide anything."

► The British, thoroughly briefed in advance by Churchill, turned up at Casablanca with a 6,000-ton ship crammed with essential files from the War Office designed to bolster their argument for further military commitments in the Mediterranean. The U.S. delegation was "totally unprepared to meet this well-marshalled argument." The result was that Eisenhower, who had wanted to pull out of Africa as quickly as possible and proceed with a cross-channel attack from England, found himself committed to the occupation of Sicily and a Mediterranean strategy that "kept him fighting"—needlessly, Murphy suggests—"for more than two years in this traditional sphere of British influence."

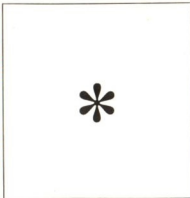


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Ghosts in the Closet

MISS LEONORA WHEN LAST SEEN by Peter Taylor. 398 pages. Obolensky, \$4.95.

Most writers drop a pebble in some domestic pool and write about the splash. Peter Taylor waits, and from the vantage point of memory, recalls the ever-widening rings of ripples that slowly subside as if nothing had disturbed the surface.

Taylor's territory is the borderland of Kentucky and Tennessee before, during, and immediately after the Depression. In these 16 stories, his themes are

JIM KEITH



PETER TAYLOR
Love has no winners.

love, marriage, childhood. As he peels away the layers of the past, he finds in an early-morning walk to a drugstore or a family dinner implications of lives changed, misdirected, or ruined. In *What You Hear from 'Em?*, Aunt Muncie, the Negro housekeeper, retains a measure of dignity only as long as she can believe that the two white boys she raised for a widowed doctor will come back home to live. But when she realizes that "they ain't never coming back," she feels somehow demeaned and resorts to "old nigger foolishness."

To Taylor, love has no winners. In *Reservations*, a young couple on their wedding night cruelly expose to each other all their past deceptions, then try to heal the wounds in a disturbed embrace. In *Cookie*, marriage has become an elegant pretense; over the dinner table, a philandering husband can only communicate with his wife about the quality of the meal. "Fine, fine, fine," he murmurs. And to outsiders, "fine" is how she would describe her life.

Author Taylor is not for every taste. Some of his stories fail to get off dead center. He does not point; he does not



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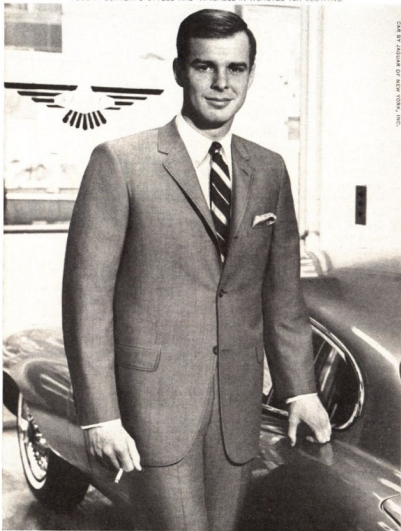
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posture; he does not underscore. But as he pokes through the dusty closets of memory, Taylor conjures up ghosts that will continue to walk abroad in the reader's imagination long after the dust of indifference has settled on his flashier contemporaries.

Victory Through Brain Power

THE MIRACLE AHEAD by George Gallup. 205 pages. Harper & Row. \$3.95.

George Gallup is haunted by a poltergeist. He is possessed by the notion that if enough people are polled on enough subjects, the truth about disease, happiness, longevity, poverty, politics and war will soon become obvious. Then, armed with facts, the population need only use its untapped brain power to usher in "a higher plane of civilization" that would make classical Greece or the Renaissance look like cultural wastelands by comparison. "All that is required," Gallup asserts with Panglossian optimism, "is a firm belief in man's great potentialities and a readiness to accept change."

Gallup's prediction of victory through brain power derives from scientists' estimate that the average Western man uses only 2% to 5% of his mental capacity. Gallup argues that exercising the intellect with weighty issues will toughen flabby thinking, nourish creativity, enlarge perception. Yet Gallup's own thinking is so vague, his theories so contradictory, that the result is simply a plea for mental uplift with very little to support it.

The assumption that increase in knowledge will enable society to better manage its affairs is not borne out by history. Gallup praises individualism but concludes that supersecret group thinking, such as the Manhattan Project that produced the first atomic bomb, is the intellectual wave of the future. As for the roseate vision that mental muscle building will enable man to "solve any problem that comes within his purview," even Gallup occasionally sobered up. "After a time," he concedes, "human beings run out of ideas."

Old Rut, New Pilgrim

YOU'RE A BIG BOY NOW by David Benedictus. 187 pages. Dutton. \$3.95.

The pilgrimage from innocence to experience, or from the provinces to the city or from despair to salvation, is one of the more thoroughly traveled, heavily rutted highways of English fiction. John Bunyan drew up the road map—the Slough of Despond, the Valley of Humiliation, Doubting Castle—but British Novelist David Benedictus' second book is far from Bunyanesque. At its zany best it is more reminiscent of the wonderfully erratic pilgrimage to London of young Sam Bennet in Dylan Thomas' *Adventures in the Skin Trade*.

Benedictus' pilgrim is a bowlegged 22-year-old named Bernard Chanticleer who "lives by love but loves at random

wherever his love will stick." He lives with his parents in a London suburb, and agrees to go to work as a shoe salesman in the big London store where his father is a department manager. His parents provide him with a bowler, a pin-stripe suit that conceals his bow-legs, nylon underwear that crackles when he walks, and a small "pied à terre" (or, foot in the grave) in Kensington. He learns the sales spiel handily enough ("A beautiful shoe, madam, seamless uppers, a discreet buckle and a soft dimple toe, and for a foot like yours with so little adhesion between the phalanges of the toe and the metatarsal joint . . ."), but he is desperately unhappy. Bernard has no friends. He burns with hopeless, timid lusts. He lingers before the posters advertising *"Running Without a Stitch"*, a documentary record

DEREK BAYES



DAVID BENEDICTUS
Done in by a dewlap.

of the nudists' own Olympic games, filmed in all the glory of Cinemascope and Eastmancolour." But he dares not enter the theater for fear of being seen.

Inevitably, he meets a kind-hearted doxy—a bit actress named Barbara Darling, who invites him into her bed and tries, unsuccessfully, to teach him a few rudimentary sexual tricks. Nevertheless, he spends a long, happy weekend with Barbara before losing her to a "doggish window dresser with a great hanging face, pouches, pendulous lip, bum, tum, dewlap, the lot."

Novelist Benedictus, who had a solidly scandalous success with a first novel, *The Fourth of June*, about the seamy side of public-school life, unfolds his story with brevity and considerable wit. He has a fine comic flair for translating the mechanized absurdities of big-city life into visions of surrealist fantasy. But in the last chapters of *You're a Big Boy Now*, his story loses its fine farcical edge, and he makes the fatal mistake of taking his hero seriously. He would have done well to keep in mind a famous aphorism observed by Evelyn Waugh: "Never apologize. Never explain."

TIME, MARCH 13, 1964

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